

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

If there are any unhappy or discontented Spiritualists, they would find a ready cure by a course of reading of 'secularistic' or agnostic literature. The dreariness, the shallowness, the cranky flippancy, would soon awaken thankfulness, and a happy return to the bright old nest.

Many of our late experiences have suggested this reflection—notably the turning up of an extract taken from an atheistical journal some weeks ago. The extract is part of a poem written on the first anniversary of the death of the writer's son. The poetry, as poetry, is not worthy of attention, but there is much food for thought in the writer's thoughts. We give the beginning and the end:—

In that one
Short year of time what have I not suffered?
No single night, no day, nor hour has passed
During thy year's rest in this cold bed, but
Thoughts concerning thee have sorely troubled
Me. Night after night, time after time, when
Stillness and darkness and thy imaged form
Alone were my companions, have I tried
To think thou wert gone but for a little
Time—that thy death was unreal, unlasting,
Was at most only the 'dark hour before
The dawn,' and that ere long the full splendour
Of brightest day would burst forth and reveal
To me never-ending light, light that would
Never grow dim, nor cease to be; but each
Effort in the end only served to make
Clearer and more vivid the awful truth,
That thou wert gone for all time—for ever!

Oh Nature, thou art cruel indeed, for
Thou mad'st us capable of loving; thou
Gavest us a loving intelligent
Boy, who reciprocated our love for
Seven years: then thou ruthlessly snatched him from
Us, tore him from our loving embrace when
Our minds and bodies by the network of
Affection had become well-nigh blended
And inseparable, thus destroying
In a single moment our cherished hopes,
And wishes, to so fit him in the race
Of life, that he would find true happiness
Only in seeking and striving for all!
So excruciating was the thought of
Parting with thee never to meet again,
So weak and so miserably wretched with
Grief and physical prostration was I,
That in utter despair I would murmur,
And at times actually call upon
Nature to finish her cruel work,
And place me by thy side—dead!

Surely our faith, which makes all this look like sheer frenzy, deserves much more respectful consideration than

it sometimes receives from those who suffer so much for the want of it!

'Modern Song from Classic Story,' by G. Hunt Jackson, has been sent to us. It has no publisher's name—only the notification 'Printed by Spottiswoode and Co.' The book is an attempt to set forth in verse thoughts 'suggested by some of the most interesting and instructive characters and events of mythology and classical history.' We wish we could call it an entirely successful attempt. The writer has an eye for an analogy, and a certain delicacy of spiritual perception, but, in his verses, he goes far away from the mighty region where his verses were 'suggested.' He might have done better in prose. The noble old mythology cannot be decanted into these little modern flasks. The book has in it many praiseworthy lines and striking phrases, but, on the whole, it is not strong enough for the subject. Will the author permit us to say that the in every way delightful and finely artistic frontispiece is the best thing in the book?

The question—Are spirit-photographs necessarily the photographs of spirits?—has been fully discussed; and it has led to some curious and deeply instructive suggestions concerning the control of light by unseen beings. As time goes on, we shall probably have to go much further afield, in order to find the true explanation of many manifestations of spirit-power. The story of the séance on the Day of Pentecost, told in the Acts of the Apostles (especially verses 7-11 of chapter ii.), is yet to be fully explained. How came the Parthians, the Medes, the Elamites, the Egyptians, the Romans, the Arabians, the Jews, &c., to hear the spirit-messages in their own tongues, though only spoken in one? Or, how came the apostles, who knew only one language, to speak in so many different languages?

The following story, abbreviated from 'The New York Sun,' will not explain the matter, but it is a noticeable fact in the same field:—

There was once a lonely village on a river in Ohio. The people were good and gentle, much owing to the influence of an excellent old clergyman who had long lived among them. On the opposite bank of the river was a logging camp. The men who lived in this logging camp were as desperate, dissolute, and savage as it is possible for hardened humanity to be.

A sense of the hopelessness of the task had kept the clergyman from trying the power of religion on the loggers, until a new saloon-keeper from the logging camp met the clergyman and persuaded him to preach to the desperadoes across the river, guaranteeing his bodily safety.

When the clergyman reached the hall secured for the religious service in the camp, he found a large but hostile congregation. As soon as the clergyman began his prayer, catcalls, hootings, and profanity were heard on all sides. When these noises rose to a hubbub, the clergyman exerted his voice and said firmly: 'It will be impossible for me to proceed with this service unless order is restored.' Instantly a sort of electric shock seemed to startle the men.

The men fell into groups, talking eagerly and breathlessly, and, just as the crisis in their mood seemed about to be reached and they were about to fall upon the clergyman, the saloon-

keeper hurried him away, got him into a conveyance in waiting, and drove at all speed into the country.

When they could speak, the saloon-keeper said: 'What tempted you to say that? Your life was in danger!' 'It was what I meant to say,' answered the clergyman. 'I had anticipated this, and determined in advance to say what I did say, "It will be impossible for me to proceed with this service unless order is restored." Why such a statement should have made the kind of effect it did I cannot imagine.' 'That is not what you said,' exclaimed the saloon-keeper in amazement. 'What you said was: "James Owen, in two weeks' time your body will be taken from the river a drowned man!" and I heard it, and Jim Owen heard it, and all the boys heard it, for they all began talking about it at once.' 'Who is James Owen?' demanded the clergyman. 'I said no such thing; and furthermore, I do not know the name of one of the men in the congregation to-day.' 'James Owen is the ringleader of the whole gang, headed the disturbance to-day, and sat with the roughs in the front pew,' was the dazed saloon-keeper's comment. A fortnight from that day a drowned logger was taken from the river, and the body was identified as that of James Owen.

We have received copies of 'This World and the Next,' a monthly paper published in Melbourne. We are glad to see that it does not go out of its way to be 'popular.' It is a serious and thoughtful 'Spiritualistic journal,' with a bias in favour of providing teaching rather than of setting forth marvels.

'The Banner of Light,' referring to some late prosecutions of mediums, says:—

In a majority of the States to-day, mediumship of every kind is a crime, punishable either with a fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court. Our mediums for physical phenomena, mental phenomena, of all phases, and our platform test mediums as well, will be the first to be attacked, in the order we have noted them. There may not be an immediate attempt made to silence our platform speakers, yet even that would not surprise us.

With that paragraph before us, and mindful of our own small difficulties at home, will it be thought hard-hearted if we again suggest that these troubles do not give us unmixed sorrow? The truth is that a bit of persecution is about what we need, as 'The Banner of Light' itself shows: for, after reciting the above paragraph, it turns up its sleeves and pens the following:—

Spiritualists have an institution in their own ranks in the National Spiritualists' Association. It does not come to dictate to any worker or medium what they shall think, say, or do; it does not seek to control the working machinery of any organisation, or to militate against anyone who has a message from the skies to impart to the world. It favours no clique, nor particular fad in thought or action among our people; it simply asks every Spiritualist to find his own in the good of all mankind, and to work for the purpose of making Spiritualism to the world a Moses that shall lead humanity through the Red Sea of religious bigotry and superstitious fears—fears of orthodoxy, on the one hand, and cold materialism on the other—into the fair Canaan of the knowledge of immortality that the angel messengers now seek to impart to all mankind. Such an institution should be sustained. First, for the defence and protection of our mediums. Second, for the purpose of carrying the light of Spiritualism into every State, town and hamlet on the globe, that the grave may be robbed of its terrors and death revealed as a friend, *not* as an enemy to man. Third, for the establishment of schools for the education and equipment of our children, sanitariums for the development of our mediums, hospitals for those afflicted by diseases, and homes for our worn-out workers, aged and infirm brethren, established everywhere. Fourth, for the erection of temples and other suitable buildings for Spiritualist meetings. Fifth, for the establishment of Lyceums and kindergartens for the children of Spiritualists, and libraries, whereby the young may be educated in the cardinal principles of our religion.

Certainly these subjects ought to appeal to every true Spiritualist, and lead each and every one in our ranks to contribute his or her mite toward making the purposes of the National Spiritualists' Association established facts at the present hour.

We can do this if the spirit of altruism is allowed to control us, instead of the spirit of individualism that ultimates in selfishness. One Spiritualist has started the ball with a free gift of 10,000dol. to the National Spiritualists' Association. If twenty others will do the same our mediums could be provided with means of defence when brought to trial, justice would then be done them all, and right instead of wrong would triumph. Let us aid the National Spiritualists' Association.

Adopting a well-known Americanism, we might ask: How is that for depressing? But persecution never depresses the true believer.

These lines, from 'Unity' (U.S.) are eminently seasonable:—

Oh, glad bright world of blossom and tree,
Sweet is the song that you sing to me!
Over and under, below, above,
Rings out the harmony 'God is Love.'

No spot so lonely but music there
Is rippling out on the vibrant air;
No place so shut from the light of heaven,
But some sweet echo of sound is given.
From pole to tropic, from zone to zone,
Is heard the musical undertone.

Strange that the human heart is fain
To set this life in a minor strain,
Instead of echoing, clear and strong,
The happy notes of Creation's song:
The great, glad, wonderful symphony
That Nature writes in a major key.

Oh, glad, bright world of blossom and tree,
Sing out your melody blithe and free!
Sing till the listening heart of care
Responds to your music everywhere,
Till lives attuned to the keynote pain
Take up your beautiful sweet refrain.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY.

We observe with pleasure that Mr. George Redway, formerly of York-street, Covent Garden, and who has been for the last five years connected with the company that purchased his former business, is about to recommence as a publisher on his own account, this time at 9, Hart-street, Bloomsbury. Books of a class specially interesting to our readers were always a very noticeable feature in Mr. Redway's publications, and it seems that they are likely to be so again, if we may judge from the fact that he has already announced the following amongst his forthcoming works:—

'Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.' Three essays by Alfred Russel Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D. New revised edition with chapters on Phantasms and Apparitions.

'The Great Secret and its Unfoldment in Occultism. A record of forty years' experience in the Modern Mystery.' By a Church of England clergyman.

'A Religion of Law. Being the conclusions of a Student of Psychic Facts.' By V. C. Desertis. On the Evidence of the Senses; Mediumship; the Morality of Spiritualism; Matter and Ether; the Orders of Existence; the Gate of Death; Body the present result, Soul the forming power, Spirit the directing will; The Human Family, &c.

'A Handbook of Palmistry, after the ancient methods.' By Rosa Baughan. New (revised) edition. With five plates.

'Neo-Platonism. Porphyry, the Philosopher, to his wife Marcella.' Now first translated into English by Alice Zimmern, with preface by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., of the British Museum.

'Light on the Path. A treatise written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence.' By M.C. New (enlarged) edition, to which is added 'Green Leaves.'

'Anna Kingsford; her Life, Letters, and Work.' By her Collaborator, Edward Maitland. Illustrated with portraits, views, facsimiles, &c. 2 vols.

We give this week four extra pages in order to find space for the interesting but somewhat gruesome narrative supplied by 'C.C.M.' under the title, 'Luciferian Palladism.'

LUCIFERIAN PALLADISM.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE STORY OR ROMANCE OF A REMARK-
ABLE CONVERT FROM IT.

In the course of an article on the forthcoming 'Anti-Masonic Congress,' the 'Tablet' of August 17th mentions the recent conversion—to Catholicism—of Miss Diana Vaughan. To the readers of 'LIGHT,' unless there be among them some who have penetrated to the inner circle of Masonic Occultism, this lady's name is probably unknown. But it is associated with published statements of a marvellous character, which will be here translated in substance from a French book purporting to be a revelation, for the most part at first hand, of the cult and organisation, the ritual and phenomena, of present-day diablerie. But having regard to the questionable character of that work, I will first copy the certainly authentic particulars concerning Miss Vaughan contained in the aforesaid article of the well-informed and trustworthy Catholic organ in this country :—

Much attention (says the 'Tablet') has been recently called to the doings of the various sects of Freemasons abroad by the sudden conversion of one of their high priestesses, Miss Diana Vaughan, ex-Grand Mistress of the Luciferians or Palladians. The strange perversion of mind by which an intelligent and high-souled woman dedicated herself to the worship of Lucifer did not blind her to the degrading character of the rites practised by her fellow-worshippers, and her first move was her secession from the 'Triangles,'* as she termed the branch of Masonry of which Signor Lemmi is the Grand Orient, and the attempt to found a reformed sect under the name of the Regenerated Palladium. The divergence of views between her and her former associates, and her condemnation of the Satanic rites practised by them, drew down upon her a rebuke from the heads of the Order, to which she replied by withdrawing herself from it altogether. She promises the publication of revelations, under the title of 'Memoirs of an ex-Palladian of the Perfect Rite,' in which the meaning of many of their ceremonies and symbols will be explained. A visit to a relative in a convent, where she asked permission to be present at Mass, was followed by her conversion to Catholicism. It had been the object of many devout prayers, and the sudden death, on the very day that she left the convent in an altered frame of mind, of Père Delaporte, a pious priest who had offered up his life for it, gave it in the eyes of many a miraculous character.

A correspondent, 'One who Prayed for Miss Vaughan,' in the following number of the 'Tablet' (August 24th), says: 'Miss Vaughan did not *dedicate herself* to Lucifer, but was dedicated to the demon by her own father, who was an enthusiastic Luciferian,' and adds particulars from the 'Revue Mensuelle,' and from Miss Vaughan's own Memoirs, of which the second number is already published in Paris :—

Kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, and while yet unbaptised, she composed one of the most beautiful prayers to the Sacred Heart I have ever read. Her baptism was rather a hurried one. . . . She had to go back to Paris . . . but told her friends at the convent that she had taken due precautions in case of attempts on her life.† . . . No less than 10,000 francs was offered as a bribe to her agent in Paris by a person who tried in vain to see her, we need not ask why, but by God's mercy the agent was equal to the occasion. She coolly calls it 'an amusing incident,' the person being a well-known vile old Jew. The above is not the only case of a Luciferian father dedicating his child to the demon. A far worse case is that of Phineas Walder,‡ who died in London some

years ago. He succeeded in getting his daughter Sophia so completely possessed by the demon that she is in hopes that Anti-Christ may be her great-grandson.*

Now for the statements concerning Miss Vaughan in the French book above mentioned, which is entitled 'Le Diable au XIX^e Siècle,' the author's nom de plume being 'Le Docteur Bataille.' The first volume, of 960 large pages, was published in serial numbers at Paris and Lyons in 1893.† Nothing more monstrous than its contents, in the way of Satanic materialisations and horrible incidents, was ever conceived by the mediæval imagination, and I was for some time in doubt whether this part of the book was not mere invention, the theory of hallucination being scarcely tenable. But there seems to be sufficient evidence that the author—who professes himself a devout Catholic, under special supernatural protection in his dangerous investigations—has really gained admission to the penetralia of Masonic Occultism, which his mission was to expose to the world. The information given is circumstantial, and the recent history of Palladism,‡ especially in America and Italy, is curious and interesting, quite apart from the alleged prodigies.

After noticing the occasional protection accorded by the demon to special favourites, the author proceeds (the foot-notes are all mine) :—

In this respect the contemporary case of Diana Vaughan, of Louisville—a case universally known in the world of Luciferian

* From September 29th, 1863 (birthday of Sophia Walder), the Palladians reckon three genealogical periods of thirty-three years each to the birth of Anti-Christ on September 29th, 1962. The prediction is confined to the female ancestry. There are to be nine successors to the present Pope. Anti-Christ will reveal himself at thirty-three years of age, on September 29th, 1995. On September 29th, 1996, abolition of the Papacy and commencement of the grand celestial battle, which lasts three whole years. On September 29th, 1999, decisive triumph of Lucifer over Adonai, &c.

† Delhomme et Briguët, Editeurs (price 12 francs).

‡ The New Reformed Palladic Rite was founded in 1870 by the late Albert Pike—the anti-Pope of Masonry—at Charleston, where is now the great Masonic Temple, the 'Luciferian Vatican,' as it is termed by 'Dr. Bataille,' who gives a full description of it. Here is guarded a skull, alleged to be that of 'St.' Jacques du Molay, the last Grand Master of the Templars, who was burned in 1312, after the dissolution of the Order by Pope Clement V. The skull is said to belch fire, and to speak, on a certain day every year. But the whole context of the marvellous in this connection is far beyond the scope of a foot-note. The curious must be referred to the book. Mention may, however, here be made of the 'Golden Chair' in the Charleston Temple. I will translate at length :—

'At the time Albert Pike created the New Reformed Palladic Rite, "under inspiration of the Good God" (Lucifer), he drew up himself the rituals of the degrees of Kadosch of the Palladium, of the Palladian Elect, of the Hierarch, and of the Mistress Templar. When he was at the degree of the Elect Magus, he was unable to write it; each time he attempted to trace the first line of the ritual, his pen broke between his fingers as soon as it touched the paper. Pike changed the paper; the pens continued to break. He proceeded to make a grand invocation, hoping to obtain an explanation of the mystery; no spirit appeared, but a voice at his ear cried, "Go to Charleston."

'He took the train the same evening, and told Gallatin Mackey [his confidential colleague] what had happened. The latter had prepared a hall for the first session of the great degree [the Elect Magus], and as Pike was to preside, Dr. Mackey had given orders for the transfer of the large oak chair into this hall.

'The two chiefs repaired to the Masonic temple. Shutting themselves up together in the hall referred to, they implored on their knees the Good God to protect them against the hostile spirits [so I translate the word "Maleachs"] to whom Pike attributed his inability to write the fifth ritual.

'They had no sooner finished their prayer, than, raising their eyes and looking towards the oak chair, they were stupefied to observe that the wood had been instantaneously transformed into gold. Moreover, a register, bound in morocco garnet [sic] with steel corners, was placed on the chair, and a strong odour of sulphur filled the hall. They rose and approached the golden chair, on which they saw graven in a cross the hieroglyphic well-known to them as the signature of Beelzebub; they took the register and opened it.

'It was the ritual of the Elect Magus, written in green ink, in a very legible, round character, by the hand of the first lieutenant of Lucifer. It was in Latin, with seven translations: English, Spanish, French, German, Portuguese, and Dutch. At the end was displayed the signature of Beelzebub, in red gold, so brilliant that it seemed to blaze, and dazzled the eye.

'The will of the Good God was thus distinctly manifested: the

* This term is one in general use in Palladic Masonry, and of accepted significance.—C. C. M.

† That these were to be apprehended will appear from following quotations.

‡ Of whom, and of his daughter Sophia, a full account is given in the book I am about to quote from.

spiritists—is in the highest degree surprising, surpassing all one would imagine of eccentricity in the diabolic supernatural; and I know nothing so singular as the position of this girl squarely protected against the sectaries themselves by a demon of the superior hierarchy.

I shall be asked if Diana Vaughan is in a state of latent possession? Not the least in the world. Never has the evil spirit, who accords her this preference by which all the Palladists are routed, entered into her.

Is she a poor girl, flung there by accident, not daring to attempt to rescue herself, and perhaps privately invoking the true God? And is it indeed His mysterious Providence which those blinded ones mistake for the exceptional protection of Lucifer? No, I reply; I cannot see that she has the least title to the favour of God. Not only has she been brought up in hostility to the Catholic faith, regarding it as the adversary to be overthrown, and believing in none of our sacred dogmas; her doctrine is pure Gnosticism; it is in the good God Lucifer that she believes, exactly as does every perfect initiate of Palladism. Nor is she of a feeble character, but on the contrary possesses an astonishing energy, of which she has given many proofs, and which has procured her the profound enmity of Sophia Walder; for between these two women there is a secret rivalry. I will not call it a reciprocal hatred, for Diana is not malevolent; but they are to one another as water and fire, as dog and cat. Finally, it is enough to know the history of Miss Vaughan to be sure that, in her case, that is, in the supernatural power on her side, it is absolutely and uniquely a demoniac action that is manifested.

That history, which is not from the Middle Ages, but is of yesterday, of to-day, I am about to recount; and to class her in

degree of Elect Magus was to be written by no human person, not even by a Luciferian inspired by the spirits of the fire.

‘But that was not all; another manifestation was at hand.

‘Pike and Mackey convoked for the next day five of their most assured adepts, to constitute with them the directive committee of the first Perfect Triangle, to give them the first reading of the marvellous ritual, and to declare all the seven created from that day Elect Magi. Palladism was henceforth to be an active agency; the date was November, 1870.

‘All the seven were exact at the appointment; at the hour named they shut themselves up in the hall reserved for that important meeting. About the golden chair were disposed six seats.

‘Albert Pike went to place himself in the presidential chair in order to declare the session opened; but scarcely was he seated when he was violently projected into the air, as though by a powerful spring. He was, however, not hurt.

‘The assistants were perplexed; the Grand Master was depressed. He asked if the Good God judged him no longer worthy to be his vicar; in what had he offended? . . . For whatever cause, the right of presiding over the first Perfect Triangle was refused him.

‘His six companions succeeded him in the golden chair; not one was able to remain seated more than a second; an invisible spring rejected them one after the other.

‘Who, then, was to preside? . . . That was the question all the seven asked without being able to answer it.

‘Suddenly there was a flash of light, and the assistants beheld Beelzebub—that is the name given—in person seated in the golden chair.

‘It was Beelzebub who presided. Hell itself must initiate the adepts called to receive the degree of Elect Magus. The diabolical ritual, like all the rest, was drawn in the impersonal form, and it was impossible to divine that the president of a séance of initiation in the Perfect Triangle would be a spirit of fire specially delegated by Lucifer.

‘For the rest, it is always thus, even at the present day. Wherever [It was not the case at Paris. (See on, text)] a Perfect Triangle exists a demon appears on every occasion of an initiation; it is he who interrogates the candidate, who receives his oath and kisses him on the lips. At Charleston it is Beelzebub who ministers.

‘The legend of the golden chair is confided only to hierarchs; it warns them indirectly of the Satanic ceremonial which awaits them at the last degree of the Palladium. There is also a good number of Mistress Templars who are aware of this mystery of the Perfect Triangle; they are the permanently possessed, who alone assist, in the Sanctuary of Eve, at an infernal manifestation to be presently described.

‘The golden chair is shown, then, to foreign visitors of the degree of hierarch. One may move it, change its place, carry it about; it is harmless; but one must not sit on it. I have seen it, I have seated myself on it, and, like the others, I have been shot a metre and a-half or two metres into the air. I have examined the seat; it is really massive gold, and there is absolutely no spring. Mention is made of a brother Palladist, of Chicago, who, before seating himself in the golden chair, believing in a cleverly concealed electrical trick, took care to wear silk pantaloons made expressly, and lined with indiarubber; in punishment of his scepticism he was projected to the ceiling, against which he hurt his head, and falling, broke a leg.’

this special chapter on Obsession, I will describe her case as one of exceptional protective obsession.*

Half-French, half-American, Diana Vaughan is by birth a Parisian, travels much, like all the inspectresses-general of high Masonry, comes often to our capital, but is domiciled in the United States. Her father was a Yankee Protestant, of Kentucky; her mother was also a Protestant, a native of the Cevennes. She is a year younger than Miss Walder, her personal enemy.

Her father and mother both cordially detested Catholicism, and this fierce animosity made itself felt in her bringing up. Her mother died when Diana was in her fourteenth year, and her father, a large landed proprietor in Kentucky, affiliated himself to Palladism a little after the creation of the sovereign rite by Albert Pike, and was chief founder of the triangle Eleven-Seven. He presided himself at the initiation of his daughter, as Apprentice, in March, 1883. Rather more than a year later, Diana had received the degrees of Companion (Fellow Craft) and Mistress; she was twenty when she was to cross the threshold of the triangles.

In the interval between the second and third initiations, and, if my notes are exact, on an anniversary of her birth, one of the demons of the superior hierarchy, much in honour with the Re-Theurgist Optimates, appeared unexpectedly in a meeting of the Eleven-Seven, and delivered one of those extravagant mystifications usual with the fathers of hell, and which their faithful accept with stupefying credulity, they who mock the faith of Catholics as a ridiculous superstition. . . . On that day, February 28th, 1884, while the Hierarchs, the Elect Magi, and Mistress Templars of Louisville were met in séance of the Theurgist Cabala at the great triangle of the Eleven-Seven, and addressing prayer to Baphomet,† suddenly the vault of the temple opened, and gave passage to a genius of the fire, who was none other than Asmodeus.

The apparition slowly descended, remaining finally suspended in space, a short distance from the floor. In his right hand he brandished a sabre of fantastic shape, and in his left was a strange object, difficult to recognise at first sight; it looked like the tail of a large deer.

Asmodeus, addressing the circle, told an impossible story. [It is unnecessary to repeat this absurdity, which referred to the nature and origin of the object brought to the circle. ‘Asmodeus’ declared the temple specially consecrated to himself, deposited in it, as pledge of his friendship for the Eleven-Seven, the tail-like thing, saying that he had attached to it one of his dependent spirits ‘Bengabo,’ adding, ‘He will remain motionless here, till I shall intervene to mark my all-powerful favour to a vestal whom I appoint to you.’ He then deposited the object on the altar of Baphomet, and disappeared.]

Brothers and sisters of the great triangle of the Eleven-Seven, moved by curiosity, approached, one after the other, the singular gift of the spirit of fire, examining it, first timidly, then more boldly. It was really an enormous tail of a lion, but it had not the rigidity of a dead thing; though inert, it was flexible. Moreover, it had a weight out of all proportion to its size. It weighed more than two hundred pounds, and took three men to carry it into the sacristy of the temple.

For the worthy preservation of the diabolical deposit, a splendid and colossal casket was constructed, and ever since the

* The distinction between ‘possession’ and ‘obsession’ is, or ought to be, familiar to the readers of ‘LIGHT.’ [By one of those odd little coincidences which are always occurring, the day after I had written these words, I lighted on the following in the course of an article—a notice of a book entitled ‘Outlines of Dogmatic Theology’—in ‘The Tablet’ of August 31st. ‘An explanation, by the way, of the difference between obsession and possession would be useful.’ Surely the words themselves should help anyone to that explanation. The difference is between a fortress that is besieged or attacked, and one that is taken. In the case of an ‘obsessed’ person, the demoniac enemy is still *without*; the manifestations—for the most part persecutions—are external, objective; whereas in ‘possession’ it is *through* the sufferer that the evil spirit speaks or acts. For instance, St. Anthony in the desert was obsessed—as, indeed, were most of the monks of the Thebaid; the Ursuline nuns of Loudun, in the seventeenth century, were possessed. (Mental suggestions, even, contrary to faith or morals, are sometimes classed as obsessions, but there must be something to mark them as of a *lien* origin; ordinary ‘temptations,’ or spontaneous dispositions, are not ‘obsessions.’)]

† Baphomet was, it will be remembered, the idol which the Templars were charged with worshipping. The original image (if it ever existed!) at the dissolution of the Order, is said to have been secretly conveyed into Scotland, together with the head of the martyr (?) Du Molay, and to be now, with that, in the Masonic Temple of Charleston.

strange thing, which has never desiccated, but appears now, as in 1884, to have been just cut off, has become legendary (*sic*) among the Palladists.

I was not at Louisville in 1884, and was therefore not present at the séance of the Eleven-Seven, when Asmodeus made this gift. I report only what has been affirmed to me by persons declaring the authenticity of that apparition and its consequences. The facts were certified to me by the brothers Kolb-Gérard, James Gordon, Nathan Pixley, and by the sister Ellen Gerbel, an intimate friend of Diana Vaughan. I have seen the latter only twice—at New York, where she is now honorary Grand Mistress for life of the grand triangle *Phœbe-Rose*; and at Paris, where she often is. Having asked her concerning what had been stated to me, she replied, 'At the time Asmodeus first showed himself at Louisville, I was not yet affiliated to Palladism; so that, concerning that fact, I know nothing but from what has been told me by our brothers and sisters who were present——.' Then she brusquely changed the conversation, and gave me no information on the other facts which I have still to mention, and which I have learnt elsewhere.

After expressing at some length, and with rather unnecessary piety, his disbelief in the demon's story, the author continues:—

The lion's tail at Louisville has nothing supernatural in it, but the devil may very well reside in it, and then the infernal manifestations can be produced, and are in fact often produced at the command of the sister Diana Vaughan, the protégée of Asmodeus.

In October, 1884, she passed from the lodge to the triangle, that is, to the Palladium, obtaining the first female degree, Elect-Palladian. A few weeks later her father died of acute pneumonia. On his death-bed, the brother Vaughan, who had brought his daughter into Diabolism, but who did not wish her to be subjected to certain obligations, prevailed on his colleagues that when she came up for the initiation of Grand Mistress she should be exempted from the ordeal of the Pastos.* The promise made to the dying father was ratified by a vote of the Eleven-Seven, and the vote was confirmed by a brief of the supreme Grand Master and sovereign dogmatic pontiff, Albert Pike.

Early in March next year, having attained her majority, Diana arrived in Europe, having, as she told me, to arrange affairs relative to the succession of her mother, the inheritance of which her father had had the administration.

She availed herself of this occasion to see Sophia, who was then living at Paris, where Phineas Walder had brought her, and had established her as Grand Mistress of the triangle Saint Jacques from its foundation in 1884, the Grand Master of which was the famous Bordone.

Sophia induced Miss Vaughan to let herself be inscribed a member of this triangle, over which the former presided, and to resolve to receive therein the perfect Palladic illumination, that is to say, the degree of Grand Mistress.

The initiation had been fixed for March 25th. It was not without design that Sophia Walder had chosen this date, the Feast of the Annunciation. She had an idea worthy of her, to celebrate the anniversary of the divine Christian Mystery by an orgy of sacrileges; since Christ had been conceived by the Holy Spirit on that day, it was necessary to murder him, 'to kill him palladically,' according to her favourite expression.

Diana Vaughan arrives. One of the two important ordeals being dispensed with, the ordinary ceremony of reception is abridged. For the rest, those present are all aware that the young girl is well up in the occult doctrine of the double divinity, that she considers Adonai the principle of evil, and Lucifer the true Good God. Why lose time in useless formalities and superfluous allocutions? A short interrogatory of the candidate, and the assembly are unanimously satisfied with her replies. The catechism of Mistress Templar is recited to her; she listens attentively, and seems to assent. Brothers and sisters kneel before the altar of the Palladium, and the Grand Mistress pronounces in a resounding voice the celebrated prayer, 'Come, Lucifer, come! oh, calumniated of priests and kings!† Diana still listens, then sees—not without surprise

at present—all leap up with fury, and armed with poignards, crying, 'Nekam, Adonai, nekam!' (death to Adonai).

What now passes in sister Vaughan's mind? She is reflective, and regards the scene with astonishment. However, the oath is brought to her: 'To thee, Lucifer, I swear love, respect, fidelity, &c.' She reads and re-reads it, bringing the paper to the light, for now she wishes to have a perfect knowledge of what she is doing. Then, in a firm voice, without hesitation, she takes the oath, not omitting a line of the formula.

All the Palladists rejoice.

A consecrated* Host is brought. Sophia casts it into the cup used at the profanations of the triangle Saint Jacques. She spits on the divine Eucharist, and invites the candidate to do the same.

Diana regards her coldly, and says with simple and energetic decision, 'No.'

General stupefaction.

'But,' replies Sophia Walder, 'it is obligatory. We cannot receive and consecrate a Mistress Templar unless she spits on that object of the veneration of the Adonaites.† And you will have to stab another Host with the poignard which will be brought to you.'

The young girl shakes her head in decided negative. 'I will not do it,' she declares. 'I have never believed in the presence of Adonai in the mystic bread. My father always told me that on the question of the Eucharist the Catholics were in complete error, and that the Communion was only a symbol. When I came to the age of reason, he explained to me that Lucifer was misconceived, calumniated, that he is supremely good, and that Adonai, the God of the Catholics, is wicked, cruel, loading humanity with afflictions, that he formerly, in a day of rage, drowned all but one family. That is why I condemn Adonai, and why I am happy to vow myself to Lucifer. But I believe it unworthy of my God absurdly to outrage, to stab, a piece of bread. Such action is an insanity, and I am not mad. If it is a trial that you have imagined in order to sound my heart, well, you know now what I think of it. I formally refuse to consent to an act of aberration.'

Sophia Walder perceived that Diana was not to be shaken. A flash of anger in her eyes, she flung the wafer with fury into a brasier, and without finishing the séance, announced that the reception of sister Vaughan as Mistress Templar was adjourned.

All the assembly averted themselves from Diana; she, calm, smiling with pity, even shrugging her shoulders, went out.

Never before had such an incident occurred in Palladism, and as soon as it became known in the great triangles, there was an indescribable emotion.

The day after the abortive reception, the dignitaries of the triangle Saint Jacques constituted a secret committee to examine the case, and to consider what course should be taken with Diana Vaughan.

The situation was embarrassing. The unanimous opinion of the committee was, of course, for an indefinite adjournment of the admission of Diana to the degree of Mistress Templar; but there were some who wished to go further, and proceed to her complete expulsion, but at this point they found themselves arrested by the rules.

According to the Palladic constitution, a brother or sister can receive a superior degree in a triangle other than that of his or her first initiation; it being sufficient for this purpose that the candidate should become a member of the triangle in which the superior degree is to be conferred. On the other hand, if, as a result of the tests, this triangle refuses the degree, it can but put the candidate off indefinitely, and has not the right of utter expulsion, that is, of annulling the inferior degrees which it has not itself conferred. Only the triangle which has given the first Palladic initiation can expel a member found to be unworthy or dangerous; and then, from the moment that an adept is deprived of his title of Kadosch of the Palladium, if a brother, or of Elect Palladian, if a sister, *ipso facto*, all the titles received before or since are annulled, and the adept is definitely and completely eliminated from the Order. Another

* The expedients employed for obtaining consecrated wafers from the churches, for 'black masses,' and other sacrilegious (usually magical) purposes, have been frequently described.

† It will be remembered that this obligation upon admission to the Order was one of the principal charges against the Knights Templars, and the one most frequently admitted (under torture) at their examinations. Usually the admissions were retracted, as in the case of Molay himself.

* This ordeal is elsewhere described, rather obscurely, indeed, but in occultism of this sort the worst construction is the most probable. The word (*παστός*) is sufficiently suggestive.

† The rest of this long and passionate tirade is given earlier in the book.

rule is that only that Palladic lodge which has commenced an interrupted initiation to any degree whatever, can complete it, or give the consecration at first refused, should the candidate be ultimately acceptable. Thus the triangle Saint Jacques had it in its power to prevent Diana Vaughan from ever receiving the degree of Mistress Templar; but could not expel her altogether from the Palladium. All that could be done was for Sophia Walder and Bordone to solicit the triangle of the Eleven-Seven at Louisville to adopt that measure, for reasons given.

The report against Diana was drawn up and signed. Bordone considered that it was not enough to demand expulsion [from the Palladium]. In his opinion sister Vaughan knew too much, and had become not simply unworthy, but also, and above all, dangerous; she must be suppressed—made to disappear. The majority, however, did not support this proposition; they thought that if they asked the Eleven-Seven to put in motion the Ultionists* they would obtain nothing, not even simple expulsion; for they knew that Diana was beloved by the Louisville Palladists, and that measures of extreme rigour would not be taken against the daughter of the principal founder of the triangle.

It was all discussed and determined at Paris in forty-eight hours; the report was ready to go out on March 27th. But Diana had had wind of what was in design against her. Always prompt in her resolutions, she took the first transatlantic steamer, arriving at New York, and thence at Louisville, at the same time as the requisition of the triangle Saint Jacques.

A special séance of the Eleven-Seven was immediately ordered for this grave affair.

Diana rendered herself, and the Grand Master Pixley invited her justification. She confined herself to an eloquent explanation of her view of profanations. 'I am a true Luciferian,' she concluded, 'a Luciferian in heart and by reason,' and, indicating Baphomet, 'the Adonaites pretend that the symbol of our God is a vain image; yet, if one of these representations of the natural divinity falls into their hands, they break it in pieces with fury; let us then leave such follies to them, not imitating them. Let us propagate the truth by action gentle, sweet, and sure; little by little we shall draw the profane from the path of error; it is thus we shall gradually establish the worship of the Good God over all the globe, thus that we shall draw all to us. But no absurd violences! no insanities among us, who preach logic and good sense!'

Opinions were divided. Some of the adepts combated Diana's view: Since she did not accept all the liturgic practices of Palladism, they were obliged to expel her, though with regret, and with the maintenance of friendship in their other relations with her.

Diana replied. She did not so understand it; not only did she wish to remain a Palladian, she even claimed her degree as Mistress Templar, having taken the oath and not retracted a word of it.

The Grand Master put the expulsion to the vote. Suddenly—so, at least, it was related at Louisville†—a strange noise was heard in the casket; it was as if the thing presented by

Asmodeus a year before was trying to break through the walls of the case.

The casket was opened; the lion's tail shot out, and, light as a whip, lashed vigorously all those who had spoken against Diana. There was no doubt about it; the talisman had taken her part. In the face of such a manifestation, no one dared to vote the expulsion of the independent sister. She was maintained.

This being voted, the Grand Master asked for an explanation. The tail was placed on the table and interrogated.

'Is it you, Bengabo, who are present?'

The tail struck two blows on the table, which meant 'No.'

'Is it Asmodeus?'

One blow replied 'Yes.'

Then the tail projected itself through the air, and rolled itself gently round Diana's neck; one of the curves was transformed into a little devil's head, which, opening its mouth, said—

'I, Asmodeus, commanding forty legions of spirits of fire, I declare that I protect and will protect always my well-beloved Diana against all of you. When you would consult me she must be present, and I shall reply only to her interpellation.'

It is added that Asmodeus then said, turning his head towards that of sister Vaughan, 'Diana, I will obey thee in all things, but on one express condition, which is that thou dost never marry. If thou conformest not to my desire on that point, the only one I impose upon thee, I will strangle thy husband, whoever he may be.'

Then the curve (*flot*) re-appeared in place of the head; the tail untwisted itself, and floating through the air, re-entered its casket, and became again inert therein. Bengabo, guardian of the talisman, had succeeded in it to Asmodeus, called elsewhere by his infernal work.

That is not all. The very day of the debate on the expulsion of Diana at Louisville, another marvellous fact occurred at Paris, in the triangle Saint Jacques, the committee of which was also in séance. All at once Bordone, the author of the proposal for putting in motion the Ultionists, uttered a horrible cry of distress, and his head was suddenly twisted round, face to his back.* One can imagine the surprise caused by this *coup de théâtre*. At first the phenomenon, so disagreeable for a zealous Palladist, was attributed to a spirit enemy (Maleach) of the Order. Sophia Walder immediately evoked one of her familiar spirits, to learn the cause of this misfortune, and how to repair it.

The spirit declared that the agent of the mischief was Asmodeus, protector of Diana Vaughan, that whoever attempted an injury to that sister would be chastised by the puissant Luciferian genius, having 93,324 legionaries under his orders, and that Diana alone, if the unfortunate Bordone made his humble excuses to her, was able to replace his head in its natural position.

The triangle Saint Jacques telegraphed to Nathan Pixley. The sister Vaughan laughed much at the misadventure of her enemy; but as she is, on the whole, a good girl, and not at all malignant, and moreover had not concluded the business of her maternal inheritance in France, she took her passage and returned to Paris.

One may suppose that Bordone waited for her with impatience; for twenty or twenty-one days he could not go out; to those who asked for him it was said he was abroad; he was so downcast, broken-hearted, humiliated, by that ridiculous position, that he had lost all appetite, and was visibly emaciated. At length his liberator appeared. Bordone threw himself at her feet, implored pardon. Diana took his head in her hand, and restored it to its position without the least difficulty.†

The lesson had been severe for Bordone; he was disgusted with Palladism, and four days after he had been delivered from his horrible situation, he resigned. He was succeeded as president of the triangle Saint Jacques by the brother Laroque.

As for Diana Vaughan, she presented herself again to the lodge of Sophia Walder to claim her consecration and proclamation to the degree of Mistress Templar; one sees that the young woman is tenacious. But Sophia was inflexible; she maintained the adjournment.

Diana did not consider herself beaten; she addressed her complaints to the Eleven-Seven. Owing to the rules of the

* The Avengers, the assassins of the Order, who, in obedience to head-quarters, 'remove' members adjudged traitors or dangerous. The chief dignitaries have the right of veto on this proceeding, even at the last moment, and the author avers that he was himself saved by the sudden appearance and veto of Phineas Walder, when about to be despatched as a suspect in a lodge at Shang-hai. He also tells us that he himself afterwards, as a hierarch of Palladism, exercised this right of veto on behalf of a young man about to be assassinated by the 'Ultionists'; an intervention followed by an inquiry and the temporary sequestration of his Masonic degrees.

† And of course such a story, 'qu'on raconte à Louisville,' is *evidentially* worthless. The author does not say here expressly—as of the séance of February 28th, 1884—that he received the account from Palladists themselves of the Eleven-Seven. Perhaps that, however, may be presumed, as it cannot be supposed to have originated in even Masonic gossip, seeing that the very existence of androgyne lodges is unknown to the general body of Masons, and has been vehemently denied, though it is hardly possible that incredulity on that point should survive Miss Vaughan's own statements. The two first instalments of her narrative, issued before her conversion, have been suppressed since that event, and are not now obtainable. That is probably because they were offensive to Christianity; but it is to be hoped that her disclosures will be full and unreserved; in which case we may be able to form an opinion as to the credibility of 'Dr. Bataille's' statements; those of us, of course I mean, who have either some experience, or who at least do not mistake the incredulity of ignorance for rational judgment.

* Truly for a pseudonymous writer, 'Dr. Bataille' makes large demands on his readers!

† Now, Miss Vaughan, is this true?

constitution, the members of the great triangle of Louisville could not encroach on the rights acquired on March 25th by the great Parisian triangle; that alone could resume the interrupted ceremony of initiation, and finish it by the regular consecration. The Eleven-Seven evaded the rules by proclaiming Diana Vaughan 'honorary' Mistress Templar.

Thereupon, conflict between the Saint Jacques and the Eleven-Seven; the two triangles excommunicate each other across the Atlantic. But Albert Pike intervenes, summons before him the young sister, cause of all the wrangle, consults Moloch, Astarte, Astaroth, Beelzebub, and Lucifer, and ends by ordering the consecration so disputed. Sophia Walder, obliged to submit, reluctantly proclaimed her detested rival Mistress Templar by regular title, in the séance of September 15th, 1885, in the grand triangle of Saint Jacques.

The sister Vaughan, having obtained what she wanted, returned to Louisville, where for six years she was the queen of the Eleven-Seven, more than ever under the protection of Asmodeus, whose talisman speaks always at her order. In 1890, the supreme Grand Master, Albert Pike, appointed her permanent Inspectress-General for the State of Kentucky. In August, 1891, she quitted Louisville and established herself at New York, whither the lion's tail followed her. It was missed one fine evening from its coffer, and appeared at the grand triangle Phœbe-the-Rose, constituted in honour of the sister Vaughan. Diana is now honorary Grand Mistress *ad vitam* of that important American triangle, chiefly composed of French Palladists of New York.

To conclude with a description of Miss Vaughan, she is of a height rather over the average, her features are regular, her complexion dark; she is good-looking, wearing her hair rather like a boy's, and male costume becomes her; she is not wholly devoid of coquetry, but cares little for jewels, contrary to Sophia Walder, who in séance is covered with brilliants. Diana, simple but elegant in dress, has for ornament occasionally a bracelet or scarf-pin, but never wears ear-rings. Her character is frank, with a gentle and pleasant humour, whereas the disposition of Sophia is splenetic.

That is the story. There are many in the book at least equally amazing, and resting, as this one does not, on the personal first-hand testimony of 'Dr. Bataille,' whatever that may be worth, and whoever he may be. Certainly he does not conciliate the respect of an English reader. He has a violent prejudice against this country, a prejudice which he indulges by statements, not less shameful because ridiculously false, of so-called facts which he calls 'notorious.' I decline to indicate the nature or the object of these slanderous falsehoods, and only refer to them because they show a very deficient sense of responsibility in an author who apparently expects to be taken seriously. But we may freely laugh at the information that *Palmerston* was addicted to Masonic Occultism, 'delivered up to its practices, labouring at the grand work of the Cabala'! And is the inaccuracy characteristic, which makes the author describe a gentleman in Paris of high rank as the 'husband' of a lady (well known in this country, and by name to most readers of 'LIGHT') who is, in fact, his mother?

Nevertheless, the book should not, I think, be neglected by students of occultism and of its modern developments or recrudescence. From several quarters, of late years, there have been rumours, becoming more and more assured and definite, of the actual existence and spread of the 'Luciferian' cult, of its connection with the highest degrees of Masonry, and practical influence in political and revolutionary organisations. Perhaps the obvious and inevitable re-action from materialism is to the nature-worship (the 'natural divinity') in which the spiritual is reinstated as the consecration of sensuous spontaneity. We may wake soon to discover that the conflict, the antithesis, is no longer between Spiritualism and Materialism, but between the Above and the Below. Meanwhile, it must not be supposed that the Luciferian repudiates the ideal of human integration which we associate with, or rather which is, the religion of Love. No; but his rule for spelling Amor is to read

Roma backwards. It is likely that Miss Vaughan's conversion, and revelations of Palladism, will draw attention to the whole subject, and we may learn to what extent the doctrine of the 'Double Divinity' is actually gaining ground again in the West. For it is, of course, not a novelty.

C. C. M.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

Last month the editor of the Italian paper, 'Il Vessillo Spiritista,' called our attention to what he deemed to be a report of a case of spirit photography, which we translated and printed in 'LIGHT.' Signor Volpi then promised to furnish in his journal an instance of what he considered to be the photograph of a mental impression. Assuming the accuracy of the narrative at every step of the investigation, the communication is undoubtedly an important one, and we translate it in substance, as under, for the information of our readers:—

A photographer in Chiavari, named Curzio Paolucci, used to have in his studio, occasionally, a young doctor who was greatly interested in photographic manipulations, and one day, when a lady, accompanied by her husband and two children, came to be photographed, he, as was usual, posed the group, consisting of the lady and the children, while the operator prepared the plate. As the doctor was grouping the subjects, he observed that the lady appeared to be much impressed and frightened by the look on his face—a circumstance admitted by the lady afterwards. The grouping and lighting finished, the doctor retired from the studio to an adjoining room, where he sat perusing a newspaper, and where he could neither see the studio nor be seen from it. The operator came out of the dark room with his sensitised plate and proceeded to make the exposure in the usual way. All this occurred in the presence of the lady's husband and several other witnesses. When the plate was partly developed, the photographer discovered to his immense surprise that, in addition to the images of the mother and children, there was a fourth one, but as there were also some stains on the plate he did not continue the development, but fixed it in the hypo as it was. This fourth imperfectly formed image was a positive, and that of the others negative, and when taken out to the light was recognised as an accurate portrait of the doctor, almost in the same focus as that of the lady, whose head appeared just in the middle of the doctor's chest. His eyes, hair, moustache, necktie half hidden by his vest, and the triangular patch of shirt-front could all be clearly distinguished as well as half of the shoulders. Signor Paolucci described the phenomenon to the engineer Federico Guido of Genoa, and sent him the plate, properly varnished to preserve it from accident. Signor Guido, who was a photographic expert, and a good chemist, examined it thoroughly himself, and showed it to some scientific friends, who all declared that the fourth image was that of a human figure, and not, as had been suggested at first, a collection of stains. Guido supposed that at some time the glass had fallen casually on a portrait of the doctor, and in this way received the impression, and there were various other conjectures, none of which covered the ground. Then the plate was put away until, some nine or ten months afterwards, the American spirit photography cropped up. Guido then tried the following experiment. He carefully removed a portion of the varnish and the collodion, and polished the denuded part, breathing on it to see that it was sufficiently clean, and that there was no trace of an image. This cleaned portion was then sensitised anew, exposed to diffused light for a few seconds, and re-developed until a grey transparent film was obtained. This done, the freshly developed portion was examined in every possible way, with the result that absolutely nothing was discovered, except some small stains in the corners of the angles. The same experiment was repeated on other portions with precisely the same results, whence it was concluded that the image was on the collodion and not on the glass. In addition to this evidence, the photographer stated that the plate was a new one, and that he had never taken the doctor's portrait, except in groups and with his hat on his head. The communicant of this case (Professor V. G. Scarpa) adds that the probity and veracity of the photographer, Signor Paolucci, are above suspicion. The doctor, the lady, her husband, and three or four other persons who were present, all attested the accuracy of the account, and were prepared to verify it by declaration.

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A UNITING VIEW OF RELIGION.

We have received many communications respecting Mr. Raupert's letter and our remarks upon it—communications which, if we printed them all, would be mutually destructive; a fact which happily suggests pairing them off and printing none, and the offering of a few thoughts which may go far to unite all in spirit.

We must all admit that the main thing is to press on, nearer and ever nearer, to the spiritual source of all intellectual, ethical, and spiritual good:—in a word, to find Religion where we find the ever-fresh blending of the human and divine. And where do we find that more surely than in the truly divine revelations of this resplendent summer, which may at least serve us as a link between the human and divine? The great world of Nature is more than a world of external beauty: it is a veritable world of spiritual intimations, never absent from the seeing eye and the receptive soul: and the beginning of the upward march of the human race might, if we could discover it, be dated from the hour when the sense of beauty first emerged from the coil of mere appetites, when the songful soul disentangled itself from the chaos of passions that marked the earlier stages of the advance from the brute to the man. In a word, the beginning of civilisation was a movement of pure Spiritualism;—elementary enough, but absolutely vital.

In like manner, the advent of true Religion might be dated from the hour when, passing beyond the visible to the invisible, the human spirit sighed for some inner light—when some glory of earth or heaven, some rapture of summer splendour, some new birth in the soul, led some answering spirit to seek for the Fountain of all good, the Master of all music, the Lord of all life.

There was a time when that great event in human history occurred: for man's thoughts and aspirations have been necessarily progressive. From age to age, the spirit-self has gone on its divine crusade, impelled from within to seek its Holy Land. At first a restless dream: then a pathetic longing: then a passionate resolve. The dim vision has ever tended to become a thrilling reality: the mysterious haunting Presence has become a commanding Power. With what strange fancies men began their dreams of God! what rough, fantastic guesses! what rude outlines! what uncouth features! then what ugly dreams! But ever the great attributes shone out—ever the drifts of the great intentions were perceived; and all were the spirit's askings for the surrounding God.

Is the process ended? No; for still we see going on the development of man; and at very different stages. For the human race can progress but slowly, and, as yet, the best

are scarcely half way through the desert—only half way to the Promised Land. Even when the early seekers gave place to those who got beyond their heathenisms and idolatries, how slowly the vision of the heavenly beauty came! And even now, after 1800 years of Christianity, how the ugly spectres linger! how slow men are to let the heavenly beauty in! Could anything more clearly show that Religion is entirely dependent upon, if it is not identical with, the spiritual progress of the race?

Now, in this progress of the race in its search for God, there are three stages. First, He is perceived as Creator; then as Ruler; then as gracious Lover. **MAKER, RULER, FATHER**, are the three words that sum up the mighty story of man's search for and discovery of God.

In what sense He is CREATOR we know not; and by what process He creates we know not: we only know that the Light which streams from the creative energy is a Light which gives life. The superb truth about the sun itself is that it not only illumines; it gives life. It first creates, and then reveals. It is beautiful and it creates beauty: it is life and it makes alive. The very flowers, unconscious as we deem them, seem to lift up their faces, and ask for life: and the forceful, creative sunbeams come, and fill the little cups with exquisite colours and sweetest incense, till they rejoice, as the prophet said: and 'the trees of the forest clap their hands.'

A step onward is the perception of God as RULER; for this higher conception of God recognises Law as well as creative Energy—Law, revealing desire, intention, management, mastery. He does not make and leave: He makes, and stays and governs. A deeper and finer spiritual perception is needed here; for here, to see the beauty is not as easy; but, to see it here, is more blessed; for then it is seen that law is only a translation of love, and that the commandment is only a kind of counsel put into a statute for our good.

Then the culmination is ensured, in the recognition of THE FATHER: that is to say, not only external Creator and Ruler, but spiritually at one with us. A tremendous inference, but inevitable: for, as we go on, we find that the eternal laws are based on spiritual and moral verities which find their witness within ourselves; we find in the universe, not only beauty, fold within fold, and depth beyond depth, but suggestions of ethical and spiritual response: we seem to be 'thinking God's thoughts after Him.' There are appeals and answers which compel us to infer that the deep Life behind all is a Spirit in some sense like our own spirit-self, only infinitely higher and probably altogether different in Personality: and we find no way out but to say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'

In this sense is Spiritualism a Religion. No; not a Religion, but *the one* Religion to which, like Tennyson's 'one far-off, divine event,' 'the whole Creation moves.'

TRANSITION.

On the last day of last month, Mrs. Edward FitzGerald, late of 19, Cambridge-street, Hyde Park, passed away to the higher life. Herself an ardent and sincere Spiritualist, she was well-known amongst Spiritualists, and was the authoress of the paper entitled 'Twenty Years' Experience in Spiritual Intercourse and Phenomena,' which was first published in the 'Spiritual Magazine' for May 1st, 1872. She was the mother of Mr. Desmond G. FitzGerald (also a well-known Spiritualist), and aunt of the present Marquis of Ailsa. Mrs. FitzGerald had reached the advanced age of eighty-seven, and had been in feeble health for the last four years.

QUITE recently his wonderful instrument has enabled Professor Keeler to verify Clerk-Maxwell's theory that the rings of Saturn consist of a marvellous company of separate moons—as it were, a cohort of courtiers revolving round their queen—with velocities proportioned to their distances from the planet.—SIR DOUGLAS GALTON.

THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

MR. E. W. WALLIS.

My first experience of Mr. Wallis's psychological powers was in connection with a little incident, pleasing in itself, and impressive on account of its unexpectedness. Mr. Wallis, the Editor of the 'Two Worlds,' was at the time the guest of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the Editor of 'LIGHT'; and the two rival lions roared in edifying unison, the while I looked on admiringly and marvelled. The scene of the occurrence referred to (meaning, of course, the pleasing incident and



MR. E. W. WALLIS.

not the leonine duet), was the house of a mutual friend and prominent Spiritualist, where I am often privileged to meet a few choice spirits (most, but not necessarily all, still in the flesh) gathered together in pleasant communion. Amongst the company on this occasion was a vivacious American gentleman, fresh and inquiring, a stranger to us all, who had come to learn but stayed to inform. In the midst of the animated description of his adventures abroad, to which this interesting visitor, whom I will describe as 'the Doctor' (he is an LL.D.), treated the admiring circle, Mr. Wallis spoke. He asked for silence, and said he thought he could tell the Doctor something that perchance would interest *him*. With eyes closed and attention bent to his essay, he then described, in measured words and without any hesitation, a man; and so exhaustive, minute, and clear in detail was the description that anyone knowing a person who answered to it could have no room left for doubt that the picture was drawn from the life.

There was a tear in the American's eye, and he was filled with wonder, as well as deeply touched.

'Marvelous!' he exclaimed; 'you have described exactly, feature by feature, my brother who died suddenly very recently at San Francisco, California.'

Mr. Wallis smiled; he had not done yet. 'It is a long time since I did anything in the way of clairvoyance; and longer still in psychometry, but at this moment I am just in the mood for both. Give me something that you have constantly about you, keep quite quiet, ask no questions, and I will see if anything can be done.'

Taking the Doctor's watch in his hand, and pressing it occasionally to his forehead, he gave the story of its owner's

life, detailing boy and manhood, accident and vicissitude, troubles business and domestic, sicknesses, losses and gains. It was as if he were reading, slowly and carefully, like the good boy at school, a book whose leaves were the life of the man before him; and when he had done, nothing remained but to assent and confirm. With here and there a little item lost to recollection, the picture was a true one, remembered well in the main, and unquestionably accurate.

I have listened to a good many readings in psychometry, more or less correct, but I do not know a case where I was more impressed by the quiet self-reliance and unhesitating narration of the medium, and by the emphatic refusal with which he started, to listen to interruptions or remarks of any sort, lest one might, to his possible discredit, have the aspect of an unintended help or clue.

I found later on an opportunity for a quiet talk with Mr. Wallis and got him to tell me the story of his life.

'I first became interested in Spiritualism in boyhood,' he said, 'through my uncle, the pioneer missionary medium, William Wallace—*ace*, you know.'

'How is that? You spell your name with *is* at the end, do you not?'

'Yes, and correctly. My uncle's name, of course, was the same, but people persistently called him Wallace, and as he never took the trouble to correct them, the name in that form stuck to him. Hearing from him one day, when staying at our house at Twickenham, that there was to be a meeting at Kingston, I prevailed on my father to take me. Whilst at Kingston, we visited old Mr. Champenowne, saw his wonderful pictures, and heard his story. I became deeply interested, and persuaded my mother and a friend to start a circle. The table moved the first time we sat; and that was the beginning of my practical connection with the subject. I have learnt within the last few years that my mother, when a girl, used to go into trances and lie in bed for days together in the trance condition. Numbers of people used to go to see her and listen to what she had to say. She would sit up in bed and talk to them, give clairvoyant descriptions, and prophesy. Her hearers were filled with wonder at what they saw and heard, and looked upon the thing as something miraculous. My oldest brother and both my sisters were mediums, but gave up the exercise of their gift owing to the ridicule and persecution from which they suffered.'

'It is evident from all this that mediumship runs in your family on both sides, Mr. Wallis.'

'Yes, unquestionably so. To go back to that first sitting; not only did the table immediately move, but my hands soon began to shake, and a pencil being thrust in between my fingers, some pothooks and angles were formed, and eventually names were written. This was sufficient to determine me to know more of the subject, and for some time afterwards I used to walk every Sunday three miles over to Kingston and attend meetings and sittings there at the house of a Mrs. Bullock, who was developing as a medium herself. The shakings continued, and I soon found my eyes closing and refusing to open. I experienced no pain in development, only the feeling of electric shocks, or galvanic currents, running through me. Next, with eyes shut, but perfectly conscious of all that went on around me, I had an irresistible impulse to get up and speak, my first essay of this kind being a prayer, to close the proceedings one day. Then it was my difficulties began. I was afraid that these performances might be due to unconscious cerebration, or reflex action of the brain, or something of the sort.'

'You had been reading some of the criticisms of the time, I see.'

'Yes; and for a long time I resisted the influence, and said I would not be controlled unless I was also made

unconscious, so that I could feel sure there was no participation, at any rate consciously, on my part. The result of my resistance was a tremendous amount of shaking about, the making of vigorous passes over myself, and the like, and many a wet shirt I remember I had in consequence of the violence of the exercises I was put through.'

'How old were you at this time, Mr. Wallis?'

'About seventeen. One of the first spirits speaking through me claimed to be my grandmother; and finding that she could not master me she brought an Indian control, who jabbered away in a strange gibberish. I did not resist him, as I thought it did not matter, seeing that nobody could understand what was being said. He came again and again, and after awhile my friends began to teach him English.'

'That was a slow process, I expect.'

'Not very. He learnt very readily, and had the advantage, from the start, of being able in some way to comprehend the meaning when he was spoken to, although he did not know the words. This was "Lighthouse," originally a South American Indian from the banks of the Amazon, a spirit of most genial, kindly disposition, who has remained with me ever since, and been all along the very best and truest of friends. Partly because he had more power than others, and partly because my resistance was less, he was able to bring me to a condition more nearly approaching unconsciousness than any other control had yet done. After a time he began to deal with matters personal to the sitters, and to use me for impersonations.'

'Impersonations! What do you mean by that?'

'I mean that I was made to take, from time to time, the character of persons who had passed on, to assume their posture, imitate their gestures, go through death-bed scenes, and the like, so that their friends might recognise those who were impersonated. I call this impersonation because the spirits did not do these things through me, but indicated to my control what they wanted, and he caused me to carry out their instructions. Before long, I was made to speak and to give addresses. A new influence controlled me, in the person of a spirit who gave the name of Benjamin Endworthy, and claimed to have been one of the early followers of George Fox. He dealt with philosophical matters, and gave lengthy descriptions of spirit life. For a good while he was the only spirit speaking through me, the sittings being all private. It is an interesting circumstance that, not from any unwillingness, but from his sheer inability to remember, a considerable time elapsed before he was able to give us any particulars of his earth life, or even his name. He said that the length of his existence in the spirit world had caused his recollection of the physical life to fade and become like the imperfect memories of childhood to an old man; but, after a time, by returning frequently to the earth sphere, and getting into association with me, his memories revived, and he was then able to satisfy the curiosity of the circle.'

'It is usually the good and happy spirits, I notice, that forget the earth life most readily, unless there are loved ones left behind in whom they continue their interest.'

'Yes, by an easily understood law. The earth experiences have served their purpose for the soul that has progressed and has learnt the lesson they have to teach, and the memory of them slips from him like the autumn leaves from a tree. With spirits who have failed to learn it is different. I had a painful control once whose memory of the past was most vivid; in fact, his thoughts continually dwelt on the period before his passage to the other world. He had evidently been a very intelligent man, but selfish, cynical, and without belief. He was now in a most morbid state, finding a satisfaction in analysing his own feelings, and he gave us graphic but wearisome descriptions of his miserable condition. He was beginning to realise the mistake of his life, and came, indeed was brought, to us for

sympathy and help. But, to get on with my narrative. Whilst all this was going on I left home, and getting employment in London, was able to attend sittings there, and widen my experience to a considerable extent. Some friends started a circle for my development, and, after a time we were informed that a band of spirits, some fourteen in number, had associated for the purpose of using me for public work. I ought to say here that almost at the outset of my investigations I learnt from Mrs. Bullock's control that not only was I a medium, but that I had a great public work to perform. My voice, it was added, would be heard from platforms throughout the length and breadth of the land. I ridiculed the idea, but

the same message was again given me in London through Mrs. Olive's mediumship.'

'Mr. Morse, I remember, told me that his career was predicted in a similar way.'

'You will find before I have finished that Mr. Morse's and my experiences run on parallel lines in many striking particulars. During all this early time my mind was a good deal unsettled, as for a long while I could not get what was to me satisfactory evidence of spirit identity. Eventually, a number of cases occurred in which information was given through me to people I knew nothing at all about, of matters of fact entirely unknown to me, and also unknown to them, which afterwards proved correct; and all this was done as much for my conviction as to interest the persons to whom the information was given.'

'It might be useful to mention one or two of the more striking instances of this sort, if you can remember them?'

(To be continued.)

HEAVEN is no place :—
Unless it be a place with God, allwhere.
It is the being good—the knowing God—
The consciousness of happiness and power,
With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose
But doth increase in every state.

—P. J. BAILEY.

It is only within the last few years that we have begun to realise that electricity is closely connected with the vibrations which cause heat and light, and which seem to pervade all space—vibrations which may be termed the voice of the Creator calling to each atom and to each cell of protoplasm to fall into its ordained position, each, as it were, a musical note in the harmonious symphony which we call the universe.—SIR DOUGLAS GALTON

ON THE CONSERVATION OF EARTHLY KNOWLEDGE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

To me there would seem to be few topics of such profound importance as the survival of mind and memory after the great transition 'from this world to a better.' All communications which throw even a side-light on this subject, therefore, are to my mind more weighty than disclosures as to the number of spheres, the apparel of the spirits, the doctrine of Re-incarnation, or other moot points on which our unseen teachers generally differ.

I have resolved, after long delay, to put together a few notes taken down at the time, of a phase of mediumship which I do not remember to have ever seen or heard described, and which seems to me (I humbly say 'seems,' knowing well that I shall find gainsayers) to point more conclusively to direct spirit agency than many phenomena of a more sensational kind.

I will begin my plain, unvarnished tale by mentioning that the young seeress, Louisa, who is the subject of these experiences, is controlled at short intervals by no fewer than four spirits, all of my own kinsfolk, of whom two were united to me by the closest and dearest of ties. These had passed away from earth in the early seventies, and another of the band in 1887. The remotest from our own time had departed in 1807, full of years and honours. A Fellow of his College, Recorder of a large borough, and a man of many social gifts, he was an authority on art and literature, and a writer of some versatility. Though I had only heard of him from members of my family who remembered him in their youth, his character and love of travel and languages had always strongly attracted me, and I was especially proud of possessing books, silver, pictures, and other relics which had been his in earth life. Either this sympathy, or a special commission to help me in a difficult task, may have brought about the sudden opening up of intercourse between this learned last-century dilettante and his great grand-niece, when she least expected it. The manner of his first *entrée en scène* I may describe some other time, but it would digress too much from the main line of this article. Enough to say now, that 'Jack,' as he chose to be called, (which seemed a great liberty to me!) was the chief agent in producing a long series of messages in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, written, with a few exceptions, to the best of my belief, without the intervention of any human hand, or material pencil. Of these messages, and their singular fitness to circumstances, I will speak in more detail by-and-bye. The phenomenon is by no means unique, though to me inexplicable. But what I am about to relate is, I think, much more uncommon evidence of an external intelligence, impressing that of a specially-gifted person, so-called a medium.

In the winter of 1892, I was sitting one evening in the breakfast-room of my own house, containing books, piano, pictures, and the usual chairs and tables. Louisa, whom I was magnetising for acute pains in her ear, was in the room, alone with me. Quite casually, she took up an illustrated German almanack from the sofa and, to my surprise, began to spell out and translate some of the words—which I must add were in modified German character, therefore rather less difficult to identify. Still, I knew that Louisa had not, in her normal consciousness, a glimmering of the type, construction, or sense of the language, and when she had puzzled out a few sentences I asked how she was able to guess the meaning so well. She answered that one of the controls (to whom she was instructed to give the name of my father, who was educated abroad) was helping her, as German would prove very useful to her by-and-bye. Naturally feeling the deepest interest in such an unexpected development, I urged Louisa to go on, and I was more and more struck by her continued success in getting at the meanings. Before we laid the almanack aside that evening she told me that the spirits desired her to go on with this new study, and promised their help. From that day to this, they have kept their word, using a method entirely their own, generally the following. I am told to ask Louisa a German word—which means that I am to mention some noun in English, and then letter by letter her guides proceed to dictate the German equivalent. For an example, I will say, 'Tree.' She begins at once, often with the final letter, of Baum, seldom with the first, sometimes with one which is not in the German word at all. Apparently, it is a little diversion of the spirits to puzzle her for a time (who shall dare to say that our dear ones lose all sense of amusement in their new life?). However, it is

never long before Louisa hits on one right letter, and one by one gives them all, generally concluding by saying abruptly, 'There are no more.' It is curious that she becomes aware of a doubled letter in the word, before she sees clearly which it is to be. The manner in which she 'senses' the letter varies; sometimes she sees it inverted, or suspended in the air, sometimes she hears it uttered by one of the controls (who all help), and in this manner she also gets an idea of the pronunciation. But the oddest way of all, I think, is, that her attention is often called to some word containing the required letter; to one of my names, to some placard or advertisement, even to the 'No' or 'Yes' which I have just said to her latest guess. Though it will be rather a lengthy process, I think it may interest some readers to follow the exact course by which she arrived at the long word for 'Canary.' She looked out of a window one day, and said, dreamily, 'A thrush, or a canary, or something.' I felt impressed to say, 'What is Canary in German?' She began directly: 'Is it, R, A, N, or is it a U turned upside down? Another A, then I, E (getting on; that's by listening to E.); another N, then L, E, G, O.' (Pause) 'M. is going to give me the next, it's V. Any more? No, have I? Is it U? M? those are out of my own head.' (Pause) 'Then K? Now put together K, A, N, A, R; that's all L. gives me. E. will give the rest—L, E, G, O, V, N, E, I. Now "Jack" tells me they are, KANARIENVOGEL. Oh! I know, that is bird.' (She had once before spelt Vogel). 'Why, they've been giving it to me wrong; they are playing nice tricks with me!'

It will be noticed that the last eight letters were given to her in correct sequence, though in reversed order, yet the only mistakes she made were the two guesses 'out of her own head.'

I am quite prepared for the attitude of the Superior Person, who will here trot out the old war-horses, the Sub-conscious Ego (Louisa's 'subliminal' being, on this theory, much cleverer than her normal self), the imputation of fraud, and lastly, of clairvoyantly reading the letters from my brain. In reply to the last I can assert that I never knew which letter was going to be given; and to the first, I know that in her twenty-three years of life, Louisa has never unconsciously received impressions of these words on her brain by living among foreigners.

Lastly, I will mention one instance which, I think, disposes of the argument that I, or anyone now on earth, suggested the spelling, inasmuch as a rarely-used, if not obsolete, word was given, and this by means of an A B C box, without reference to me. Louisa came into my room alone, July 21st, 1894, and sitting in a corner far from me and the lamp, she asked whether she might give me a word, to which I naturally agreed. After a long time, during which I saw her searching eagerly, she brought me the box-lid, containing seventeen letters, saying, 'I hope they've given it to me right.' She then began to lay them out herself. She placed them thus: SCHWESELHO ('dotted O, they say,' she remarked) LTZCHEN. 'It means matches,' she said. When she came to the second S she paused, saying, 'Perhaps that should be F.' I asked 'Why so?' 'Because they gave me a long letter, and I wasn't sure whether F or S.' I would not help her by a hint, and soon she took away the S and put in F with decision. Then she had trouble with the T, moving it about till she finally placed it before the Z. But, if I do not mistake, this T, now generally thought superfluous in 'Holz,' and its derivatives, was usual years ago, and again 'Schwefel' as a prefix is as nearly obsolete in German, as with us the equivalent 'Brinstone.' These two peculiarities, I should say, point to some origin outside my own brain, for I should certainly have spelt 'Holz' without a T and have used the modern word 'Zündhölzchen,' which Louisa had spelt out for me some time previously. During the time of my father's residence in Germany (I believe in the thirties), no doubt the old-fashioned form and spelling of the word were universal.

I write with an earnest desire to see both sides of these pregnant questions, and if I dismiss the usual explanations of the Society for Psychical Research and adopt the Spiritualistic theory as a satisfactory working hypothesis, it is that I do not find any other which covers the whole ground so perfectly.

S.T.A.N.

DEATH is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

—P. JAMES BAILEY.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

BY QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

(Continued from page 423.)

There is another and more indirect mediacy which flows through us from within. The thought-units or absolute thought-process which has been differenced in its discursive flux through other selves, our predecessors, &c., remain in the subjective sphere of human mentality, expressing, in their objective form, the quality entailed in their last re-action in embodied selves. These thought-units or thought-lives or thought-forms, are attracted subsequently by selves with whom their quality affinitises or synchronises and are re-mediated or flow through such selves again. While this entails the determination of the self, who thus re-thinks the thoughts of others on his own plane, it also entails the re-determination of the thought-unit, in its re-action with the self, with whose noumenal quality it thereby becomes imbued. By this process, the thought-units occupying our mental plane evolve, and come to express higher forms by re-acting through successive generations of selves. This gives us some insight into one aspect of the process of eternal mediation, or of absolute determination; by which self determines not-self and not-self determines self, by mutual interaction within the universal.

Some so-called inspirational speakers are simply selves whose inner mental degree is peculiarly sensitive and open to the mediacy of such thought of the purely human plane, and they pour out masses of words which do not emanate directly from spiritual states, and convey nothing new, but simply re-express existing thoughts. In other sensitives a spiritual degree may be unfolded, and thereby bring him into relation with spiritual thought-lives, which may mediate themselves through him, and thus express really spiritual principles; while, at other times, he may be the recipient of a current of thought-transference directly determined by and from a spirit occupying spiritual states or spheres. The question of the quality or degree of inspiration is essentially conditioned by that of the responsive degree unfolded in the sensitive. All communications in which personal characteristics are strong (personal names, personal teachers, &c.) may be taken as coming from states contiguous to this, *i.e.*, from the sphere of disembodied human life pertaining to this earth, and not from pure spiritualised states, concerning which such selves know no more than we do, and often less. They are only liberated from the limitations and preconceived ideas of the earth sphere by passing through the second death process, which entails concurrent re-birthing or re-relationing in and to the first purely spiritual state or plane (yet which is still one of limited personal consciousness). The intermediate disembodied state is no more of a spiritual state than is this one; in fact, it is less so because it is a state of disrelationing with earth and higher re-relationing, *i.e.*, of reconstruction. Consequently it is a temporary or passing state of non-relating self-centredness or slumber, as compared with this self-conscious state.

Supposing that, pending a state of protracted slumber, during the reconstructive process consequent on some disabling accident, we were removed to a hospital or some other surroundings we were not acquainted with. And supposing the doctor awakened us under a temporary stimulus for some beneficent purpose connected with our healing, from which we would again lapse back into slumber. What would be the value of what we could then say with regard to our states and surroundings during the period of our slumber? Even our recollections of prior experiences would be disturbed and fitful. Yet many cases of spirit communion are of such a character.

The above amounts to saying that, while remaining permanent units of the universal, yet the eternal flux of change accomplishes itself through us, both in the mode of external relations and internal relations. The flux of experience is not only presented from without to within, but also from within to without. This implication is conveyed in the alchemical formula, 'fix the volatile and volatilise the fixed.' It is this process in the microcosm which manifests in the macrocosm as centripetal and centrifugal energy. Philosophy recognises this difference as between reflection or intuition, or the discursive thought-process and sense-relations, as a central or conceptual order, and a perceptual or peripheral order; but only information from within can reveal the process.

All relations entail concomitant integration of life (or noumenal quality of things related) which constitutes the basis

of our memory of such re-actions or events. It is this fact which enables successive disparate re-actions, or perceptual objects of past experience to re-emerge into present awareness; or by which we come to integrate an enduring world of our own in the noumenal matrix of our own selfhood. It is the accretion of life in inner modes, entailed by being taken into relation by beings in transcendent states, that gradually evolves our inner degrees of being, even as cumulative relations with the external world evolve our empirical consciousness from the same reason. And thus apparently does the accomplishing of accomplishment give permanency in change.

It will have been seen from this that the Spiritual hypothesis entails thought-transference as much as self entails not-self; and that thought-transference implies the Spiritual hypothesis as much as not-self implies self; neither, in fact, can exist without the other. We may, therefore, perhaps, still hope to see the Psychical Researchers and Spiritualists amalgamate on common ground.

As the 'process' of thought-transference is accompanied by a life-current (which is electro-magnetic), it is evident that the thought-content or determination involved may be made to act through a living organism, and may entail automatic writing equally as well as formulation into words through the brain and mouth.

I will deal with the question of apparitional forms subsequently.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I notice an independent confirmation of my statement that thought-transference (determination) is accompanied by a magnetic current, in your report of an interview with Mrs. Green, p. 381.

FROM A RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENT.

(TRANSLATION.)

In 1883 I was studying organic chemistry in Zürich, and I lodged with a widow lady, Madame Wild-Lüthi, 8, Mühlebachstrasse. The Riesbach district is not lively, and as my room was on the first floor I could work there very quietly. I was preparing for the half-yearly examination, and on that day, November 14th, I was working at the group of benzol derivatives in accordance with Professor Victor Meyer's course, and my thoughts were absorbed with azobenzol, diazobenzol, and the reduction of nitrobenzol to amidobenzol. As it was getting towards dusk, in order to see better and finish the group more quickly, I sat down at the window. Suddenly I heard a noise as if someone were rustling papers in the room. I mechanically lifted my head, and saw on a cupboard right in front of my gaze, the reproduction of a human face. Very much astonished, I looked harder, and clearly distinguished the features of my brother Antoine, who was then at the School of Agriculture in Dublany (Austria). Seized with fright, I lighted my lamp, and ran to Madame Lüthi, and told her the cause of my terror. She tranquillised me by saying it was a mental hallucination, brought on by over study and work, and I thought no more of it, devoting myself to preparation for my examination. Eight days afterwards, Miss Louise Bleuter called upon me—she was my sister Hélène's governess at Boguslaw. She asked if I had had any news from home. I said I had written twice without receiving any reply, and she then informed me that my brother Antoine had died suddenly at Dublany. 'What?' I cried. 'Dead? When?' 'On November 14th, and here is the letter which I have just had from your sister Hélène.' I then had the conviction that the face of my brother Antoine, which appeared to me when I was not thinking of him at all, was no hallucination. A few days later I met the Abbé Lochbrunner, vicar of the parish of Zürich, and told him of the circumstance. After a few thoughtful moments he replied: 'My dear Mr. Kronhelm, we believe in the existence of a Supreme Being; we believe in the immortality of our souls and in a future life! What is there so astonishing in the fact that you have seen the features of your brother Antoine just at the time of his demise at Dublany? Between our earthly life and the life beyond there is a closer relation than we dream of. This apparition of yours, though very interesting, is not an isolated case. I have seen them, and heard tell of them by persons of trustworthy character, in such number that if I were to recount them to you it would take me a very long time. Be persuaded, my dear sir, that this apparition of your brother is a sign of his love and attachment to you. I thought to myself, 'Here is a believer who dares not avow openly his conviction for fear of drawing upon himself the hate and persecution of his fellow-creatures.'

Gajsin, Podolia.

JOSEPH DE KRONHELM.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

The following strange story, signed 'Halliwell Sutcliffe,' appears in the current number of the 'Humanitarian.' It is embedded in a very queer narrative, entitled 'The Face at the Window':—

My friend Lady A. asked me to accompany her to the photographer's one day. We went; the photograph was taken, and the printed copies were to be forwarded to her at the end of the week. They did not arrive either on Friday or Saturday, so Lady A., who was particularly anxious to have them as soon as possible, suggested that we should drive over and fetch them on the Monday. The photographer looked scared when we appeared, and more scared when my friend mentioned the photos. He said that he had printed one single copy, and that nothing in heaven or earth would induce him to print a second or to show Lady A. the first. A woman is affirmed by some people to be neither of heaven nor earth, so perhaps this accounted for the fact that the photographer was finally defeated, and forced to exhibit the solitary offspring of his negative. It was brought and laid on the table of the room. Lady A. looked, screamed, and fainted. I looked, and, not being in the habit of fainting, I continued to look, with a horror out of all proportion to its cause. What I saw was simply this: Lady A., in conformity with a detestable fashion, had been taken in evening dress, and in the photograph before me there was a slender green snake twined about her neck, fold on fold; the head, a livid purple, was drawn back, as if to strike just where the dress came to a point at the bosom. Perhaps at this stage I began to imagine things, but certainly, as I gazed, that ghastly reptile seemed slowly to uncoil and re-coil itself—rather like the hair spring of a watch—and the purple head to draw further back, and the lithe tongue to shoot in and out. I felt very cold when at last I forced my eyes away. I took the photograph, placed it on the fire, face downwards, saw it burn to ashes, then turned to the man, who was doing his best to revive Lady A.

'Have you any explanation to offer?' I asked.

'None,' he replied; 'though it is not the first time this kind of thing has happened within my own experience, and other photographers have told me the same. Generally it is a dagger, dripping blood, that comes out in the centre of the forehead; but never have I seen anything to equal that snake. Do you know anything of Lady A.'s history?' he asked, abruptly.

I did not know much, and what little I did know I had no intention of communicating to the photographer—even *in camera*, so to speak. He went on to say that there was certain to have been some tragedy in her past, or in that of her parents. 'Was that the superstition in these cases?' I asked somewhat superciliously, being a good deal ashamed of my terror, now the cause of it was gone. He replied that, in all the cases he had come across, the tragedy had been a fact, not a superstition, and he seemed very much in earnest.

'And is there a finish to the story?' chimed in someone, seeing Miss Serle stop.

Yes, a curious finish. Lady A. was sufficiently recovered, in the course of half-an-hour or so, to reach the carriage with my help; on the way home she insisted on telling me something, although she trembled so at the recital that I wished to prevent it. Her father, it seemed, in addition to being a peer of the realm, was a naturalist, a misanthrope, and three parts a madman; he had an active liking for snakes, and an equally active distrust for his wife, Lady A.'s mother, who happened to be guilty of the double crime of beauty and a fondness for congenial society. Then some man appeared on the scene; whether he and the wife were to blame, I don't know, but the husband thought so. Late one evening, Lady A., who was nine years old at the time, awoke from a nightmare, and was so frightened that she rushed down into the drawing-room; she stopped abruptly soon after crossing the threshold, for on the sofa lay her mother, motionless, her eyes staring upwards in awful agony; about her neck was a lithe green snake, coiling and uncoiling itself, bent upon deriving, before it struck, the utmost amount of amusement from playing with its victim. The husband was standing in the middle of the floor, surveying the scene with an air of fiendish satisfaction. And I think that is about all; except that the snake, soon after Lady A. entered, drew back its head for the last time, and struck home. The father killed himself the same night,

We sat there looking into the fire. No one spoke. The story we had just heard seemed somehow final; there was nothing further to be said.

A HEALING MEDIUM.

'Le Messenger' of Liège quotes a bit of news from 'L'Etoile Belge,' another important newspaper which regularly gives a certain prominence to matters which have hitherto been called 'occult.' This time it is about a healing medium of great power, discovered in the person of a peaceable working shoemaker of Denver, United States of America. His name is Francis Schlader, and it is just about a year since he started on his mission of mercy—for it certainly is one in his case. He makes no charge, and will receive no fee, and he is at present travelling in Mexico, where some of the better class have in vain besought him to visit them, in order to cure their sick. He goes only where his guide directs, whether it is to the mountains or over the plains. It is related that at Sedillo, where Schlader remained for eight days, he was carefully watched day and night, and was not observed to take any nourishment except a little water. The cures effected through merely touching him are related as something marvellous, various cases being specifically named and described, such as the restoration of sight, hearing, use of paralysed limbs, &c., the patients having been afflicted for periods ranging from three to sixteen years. It would be satisfactory to have further confirmation of this report.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

'Le Messenger' of Liège, translating from our columns, for the benefit of its readers, the report of an interview between a representative of the 'Westminster Gazette' and the Editor of 'LIGHT,' says that the attitude of the Press towards Spiritualist ideas has not hitherto been of the most friendly character; that when it does chance to relinquish its customary reticent behaviour, it is rather aggressive than otherwise. 'Le Messenger' therefore welcomes the more appreciatively such an article as the one referred to, and thinks it is a source of legitimate satisfaction to us that such a journal as the 'Westminster Gazette' should venture to treat the facts of Spiritualism seriously in its columns. That is, no doubt, quite true. The public advocacy and recognition of truth have always been eminently risky; even its private profession is fraught with curious dangers and frequently bitter sorrows, and one should naturally be pleased when important journals approach its consideration with a proper sense of its gravity. But it would be misleading to make too much of this condescension. The 'facts' of Spiritualism will look after themselves, and, as soon as it dawns upon the minds of newspaper proprietors that a vast and yearly increasing number of their subscribers and advertisers are not only deeply interested in the subject, but are actually in the ranks of the believers, the word will, doubtless, go forth to inaugurate a change of policy; the flippant allusion will disappear, the tap-room witticism will recede to the sporting column, and we shall all be happy ever after. In the meantime, 'Le Messenger' has thought it worth while to translate in detail the interesting interview with the Editor of 'LIGHT,' and it has done it very well.

RECEIVED.

- 'Windsor Magazine,' for September. (London: Ward, Lock and Co. 6d.)
- 'Literary Digest,' for August 31st. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 10 cents.)
- 'Revue de la France Moderne,' for September. (Paris: 39, Boulevard des Capuchines. One franc.)
- 'Arena,' for September. (London: Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.)
- 'Coming Day,' for September. (London: Williams and Norgate. 3d.)

THERE is no success, social, political, or worldly, to be obtained by a compromise. There is no such thing as a casual triumph, and the gifts of life are not for those who endeavour, but for those who endure.—GEORGE FLEMING.

SPIRIT-LIFE IN GOD THE SPIRIT. By JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Handsomely bound. One shilling. London: Williams and Norgate; and all booksellers. Post free from 216, South Norwood Hill, S.E.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

A Question for General 'Lorrison.'

SIR,—I beg to thank General 'Lorrison' very much for his courteous, kindly, and instructive reply to my letter in your number of August 17th. I esteem myself particularly fortunate in having elicited so valuable an article, embracing as it does so many points of vital importance to Spiritualism. It is impossible to overrate its utility, and it is likely to have much influence on non-believers.

92, George-street, Portman-square. B. A. COCHRANE.

Materialisations.

SIR,—In his letter, which appeared in your issue of the 31st ult., Mr. Forbes expresses his opinion that materialisations do not prove spirit return, but are the result of the mental or brain power of the dominant mind exerted at the time in each particular séance.

If that is so, how does Mr. Forbes' theory explain (1) the appearance of a form which none of the sitters recognise; (2) the non-appearance of a form which one of the sitters has for years been anxious should manifest; (3) the appearance of forms which none of the sitters desire, and which all would rather should stay away; and (4) the appearance of several forms at the same time?

Perhaps Mr. Forbes will explain. The value of a theory is to be measured by the number of known facts connected with the subject which it accounts for.

September.

W. J.

Anonymous Writing.

SIR,—As one of the transgressors included in his condemnation, may I be allowed a few lines to reply to the objections to anonymous writing, raised by Mr. Cochrane?

My reason for using a pseudonym is that I consider that any prominence given to personalities is objectionable, and entails unhealthy effects. Personal notoriety and self-assertion are one of the banes of modern society. Let me point out, also, that it is the publishing of signed articles which has entailed the degradation of the French Press, and turned it into a very canker with regard to its own country, and a permanent danger to Europe.

I notice that many people, in going to the Academy or the Salon, look for the pictures by popular names. I myself avoid a catalogue, and only look for the signatures of those pictures which appeal to my appreciation. Similarly, so far as I am concerned, whatever I write must stand or fall according to its intrinsic merit. A pseudonym serves to carry recognition to any particular readers who may be sufficiently interested, fully as well as a personal name, while avoiding all personal elements.

We read 'LIGHT' in search for knowledge concerning Spiritual principles, and any attempt to obtain insight with regard thereto must be accompanied by the laying aside of all personal preconceptions, conventions, and limitations.* To approach the spiritual plane of thought entails retiring from the circumferential state in which the appearance of separate, independent selfhood obtains; it means indrawing to the state in which we realise that all selves are but the external expressions of an integral, corporate unity, which is the reality in and of each and all selves. What, then, is a personal name but the claiming for self of what really pertains to the Universal? What can the personality claim (except the conditioning imperfections) of the eternal mediacy; the absolute reflection that flows through it? We may use personal names in dealing with matters pertaining to self, to material interests, to self-assertion, but not, I conceive, with regard to things pertaining to spirit.

It is in accord with these views that I avoid all personal questions and deal with principles which are universal in their applicability, and it is in consequence thereof that I dissent from all schools of occultism who give prominence to personal leaders and attribute validity to personal effort *per se*. To me the Universe is the manifestation of the Absolute-Universal, which is present in its every part, and all manifestation occurs

* It is this fact which is symbolised in the putting off of their shoes by the Moslems, when they enter their mosques, to approach into the presence of what to them is truth. The personality is to the spirit, what the shoe is to the personality.

in accord with universal law and order. The conception of an exception to universal law can only be entertained by the mind which views things in their partial or fractional relatedness. But that mental state (equally with that of separateness of selfhood or personal validity *per se*) is indeed the consequence of our present condition of limitation in the great circuit of becoming, and therefore in accord with universal, or divine, order.

QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

Telepathy and Subliminal Consciousness.

SIR,—Your issue of August 31st contains a letter from 'Vir,' referring to Miss X., in which I find the following statement: 'Telepathy is a proven scientific fact, admitting of no doubt whatever.' I regard the word 'Telepathy,' and such expressions as 'subliminal consciousness,' as exceedingly unfortunate. They are question-begging terms, and utterly misleading. I suppose 'telepathy' was coined to express the idea of *feeling at a distance*, and was intended to be an explanation of psychical phenomena—an attempt to explain an obscure thing by something still more obscure. Suppose A. is in Glasgow and B. in London; can A. act upon B.'s mind, either to cause feeling or to convey a thought? I say *no*; but if A. were with B., and placed his hand on the back of B.'s head, both feeling and thought *might* be conveyed to B. I have seen no evidence whatever that we can act upon other minds without printed, written, or spoken thought symbols, or contact, as in thought-reading. Now suppose A. and B. have a friend X. in spirit life, and that X. can impress both A. and B.; then X. may hear A. express an idea, and in a few minutes impress the same idea on B.'s mind in London. This may be in either of two ways—B. may be unconsciously clairaudient, or X. may place his hand on the back of B.'s head and impress his mind in that way. For more than four years I have been carefully, and somewhat laboriously, investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, and now I get automatic writing and have become clairaudient. While I am writing some one, who claims to have been in spirit life for more than forty years, says: 'I can make you hear me by speaking and without touching you, but I cannot impress your mind without speaking unless I place my hand on the back of your head.' This friend uses a botanical name, and writes as 'Juniper.' I feel quite certain that I am talking with and listening to an independent personality outside myself. Juniper and others have contradicted me too often to leave much room for doubt on that point. I am not sure that Juniper is the person he claims to be, but if not, he is a splendid actor. What I have said applies still more to automatic writing by friends who are still in the body. This is, I suspect, like the 'fourth dimension,' a joke, perpetrated by some invisible friend.

63, Gladsmuir-road, Upper Holloway, N. F. CLARKE.

'Life in the Unseen.'

SIR,—Some of your correspondents (including a brother of mine in South Africa) have lamented the reticence on the part of spirits with regard to the details of their daily life. I would suggest to them to purchase 'The Spirit-World,' by Crowell, and (if possible) to patiently read it through. It is a book well worth perusing by any who are willing to separate grain from 'chaff,' and in it will be found a diet of details generous enough to create nausea.

One of the first books I read on Spiritualism, fourteen years ago, was 'From Matter to Spirit,' by Mrs. De Morgan, and on p. 204 is a communication from a discontented spirit, which runs as follows:—

I say that what such spirits write and reveal is what can only be compared to looking through glasses which distort. They think they see, and when they are unable to find suitable words, they use what they think most analogous . . . but there are no chairs, no sofas, no temples, no canopies, nothing, in short, your limited language can describe; and it is only a vain attempt to comfort the left-behind relations to write such things. . . . Thus Heaven has its couches, its rests, coverings . . . but attempt to name them with the equivalent on earth, the resemblance dies away, as dies the gold and the many hues of an autumn's sunset, even whilst seen most vivid. How cold the reality of the sky . . . but so are the attempts to raise the thoughts of mortals to the realities of Heaven; never to be fulfilled, for the words fail as well as the ideas.

A belief in the power of writing by spirits will increase as the world grows older, and then spirits will be less afraid to

say the truth, that of all Heavenly things granted to spirit life, none can be revealed. . . .

I have since read dozens of books containing elaborate descriptions of the spirit-world, its inhabitants and occupations, with the result that I feel myself constrained to believe that Mrs. De Morgan's discontented spirit spoke the truth, notwithstanding the fact that he also said: 'A wish is often felt to communicate, to relieve the tedium of eternity; for tedium there is in many cases, and discontent—oh, how much!'

Like your correspondents, we have all hungered after the information which they desire, not from curiosity, but from a longing to be assured that there is indeed another plane of existence purer and better than this, though analogous to it, and with which we may keep in touch even during our life on earth.

Clifton.

R.

Are there Mahatmas? An Apology.

SIR,—You have sometimes allowed me to ask this question in letters of mine published in 'LIGHT.' I have also to answer for an article headed 'Mrs. Besant's Facts,' which appeared in 'LIGHT' on May 4th. When I wrote it I knew nothing of statements made by Mrs. Besant which I read for the first time in an article of the July 'Borderland'—'The Psychic Life Submerged.' At page 215 Mrs. Besant describes how she met 'Master': 'He appeared to me as I had so often seen Him, clearly, unmistakably, and I learned from Him directly that the messages were not done by Him, and that they were done by Mr. Judge.'

Now, this is just the sort of matter-of-fact declaration which I had expected to hear from Mrs. Besant at St. James's Hall, when she spoke of 'The Mahatmas as Facts and Ideals'; and stinging with disappointment because I had heard nothing about the Facts, at the end of the speech, admitting its abundant eloquence, and being denied answer concerning the promised facts, I said, 'I am sick of you.' I would not have said so if I had known what I have read in 'Borderland'; and I want to say that I am constrained to believe Mrs. Besant's plain statement that she is in communication with 'Master'; and I am further bound to admit that I have no right to suggest that 'Master' may, after all, be not a Mahatma, but somebody personating him; for is it not daylight clear that Mrs. Besant is much better able to settle that than I am? And though I wish she would do more to make plain a matter of so great importance, still, what can I do but accept what she states about it?

In the letters of mine to 'LIGHT' on this subject, I have never been chary in acknowledgment of the overwhelming weight which Mrs. Besant's high character as a hard worker and a sufferer for truth commands, and now, more than ever, I must, without reservation, accept her statements concerning Mahatmas.

I won't chop logic as to what they are, and who they are. I have to admit the proof of their existence:—

1. On account of what Mrs. Besant states.
2. Because Colonel Olcott and Mr. Leadbeater have told me that they have met them.

Colonel Olcott says that he knows some of the Brothers as living men. Mr. Leadbeater described to me, with circumstantial detail, how he has been approached by them while he was asleep at Adyar; and he gave me corroborative evidence of the reality of the meeting. I published an account of this in 'LIGHT' some years back; and I have nothing to add on the subject but that I know of no reason why I ought to disbelieve it.

On the contrary, it seems to me that the evidence of these three witnesses amounts to proof. I know nothing of any of them which detracts from the weight of their testimony. All of them have the courage of their convictions; and of Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott we know that they have abandoned everything that life offers in the way of that sort of distinction which most people care for, for a phase of it which has gained for them little else than derision and contempt. Such persons as these can afford to be content in a consciousness of their rectitude. They are the best of witnesses.

For myself I will say, that if an officer having forty-seven years' service in India, famous for accurate force of character, common sense, and a career which distinguishes him as one of the noblest and best men that India has known, if such a man, who knows the natives of that country, and is known and loved by them, because of his beautiful character, had told me that he had met Mahatmas, I should believe him for the strength of his veracity, and for that alone. How, then,

can I reject the statements of three honourable witnesses, who testify to the existence of Mahatmas? About that I must do just one thing—I must believe them.

Yet, so inextricably interwoven in my mind are credulity, incredulity, doubt, that I must confess I don't know whether there be Mahatmas or not. This I do know, that my search after them has done me great good!

Highfield, Mottingham, Kent. GILBERT ELLIOT, F.T.S.

Hypnotic Suggestion and Premature Burial.

SIR,—I read with much interest the article in 'LIGHT,' of August 17th, on 'Magnetism and Hypnotism.' It may, however, be new to some of your readers that many persons, particularly those who are nervously disposed, are subject to trance of a most death-like character without hypnotisation, and recent investigations go to show that not a few of the victims of this strange malady have been buried alive. The following, with about a hundred other cases, are reported in a recently-published monogram by Dr. Franz Hartmann, entitled 'Buried Alive: An Examination into the Occult Causes of Apparent Death, Trance, and Catalepsy,' Boston, U.S., 1895:—

A young lady, who had seemed gradually to sink until she died, had been placed in her coffin, careful scrutiny revealing no signs of vitality. On the day appointed for her funeral several hymns were sung before her door. She was conscious of all that happened around her, and heard her friends lamenting her death. She felt them put on her the death-clothes and lay her in her coffin, which produced in her an indescribable mental anxiety. She tried to cry, but her mind was without power, and could not act on the body. It was equally impossible to her to stretch out her arms, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so. The intense agony of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first one that gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of the body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse a few minutes after, during which fresh signs of returning life appeared. She at once opened her eyes and uttered a most pitiable shriek.

But we need not go to America for proofs of this terrible danger, inasmuch as cases are not infrequently reported in the daily and weekly Press at home. Without going into the distressing details, I find the following are the titles of recent cases from well-known journals, copies of which lie before me:—'Buried Alive,' 'A Gruesome Narrative,' 'Premature Burial,' 'Mistaken for Dead,' 'A Woman's Awful Experience,' 'Almost Buried while Alive,' 'A Woman Buried Alive,' 'Revivification after Burial,' 'A Lady nearly Buried Alive,' 'Sounds from another Coffin,' 'The Dead Alive,' &c. It would appear that women are more subject to trance than men. How often do we read of cases of sudden death—of persons going to bed perfectly well and found apparently dead in the morning—verdict, heart disease, followed by prompt burial. Dr. Hartmann's investigations show that in many cases the supposed deaths are really cases of trance or catalepsy; from which the unfortunate victims would have recovered if they had not been buried alive. The London Cremation Society has pointed out the importance of reform, and requires two independent medical certificates of death, and the highest authorities now affirm that advanced putrefaction is the only sure indication that life is extinct. Who amongst your philanthropic readers will take up this most urgently needed reform? It is time something was done, for we know not who may be the next victim.

14, Clarendon-street, N.W. JAMES R. WILLIAMSON.

A Suggestion to the Editor.

SIR,—May I suggest to 'LIGHT' that the reason of its existence is the gathering together, for the purposes of distribution, of the facts of so-called spirit existence. The readers of 'LIGHT,' from these facts, must draw their inferences.

'LIGHT,' to be true to its light, must be educational. Perhaps there has been a tendency lately to admit too much that is not educational. As a contrast between what is educational and what is not, see Mr. Raupert's and 'Vir's' letters in your issue for August 31st. The former is an expression of opinion only, the latter a statement of fact. The opinion of Mr. Raupert may be valid, but such throws no light on 'LIGHT.'

'Vir's' facts are of the very essence of 'Light'; and it is a pity that in his letter he does not substantiate his statements by dates and names.

'LIGHT' may reveal Christianity, or may reveal mistaken belief; but, whatever its future, its present is to concern itself with the proofs of spirit life, that therefrom may be gathered confirmation or confutation of belief. Through 'LIGHT,' first, we look for proof of the truth of so-called facts; and, second, for the truth of the truth those facts reveal. W. M. B.

[We know from the letters which reach us, that the majority of our readers are not of the same opinion as our correspondent. He seems to think that 'LIGHT' should publish little else than 'facts'; others think that we have had quite enough of 'facts' and that the time has come for determining what they mean. Perhaps in this, as in so many other matters, a middle course is the best and safest.—EDITOR 'LIGHT'.]

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

DAWN OF LIGHT CIRCLE, 68, WELLS-STREET, OXFORD-STREET.—Séances on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m. On Monday last Mr. Robson gave very good clairvoyance.—M. H.

8, BAILEY-STREET, BEDFORD-SQUARE, W.C.—A public meeting will be held every Friday evening at 8 p.m., for addresses, discussion, clairvoyance, &c. Further particulars will be announced.—G.

WELCOME HALL, 218, JUBILEE-STREET, MILE END.—On Sunday last Mr. Dale gave an interesting address on 'Spiritualism in the Bible.' Mr. Dale will also take our platform next, Sunday.—E. FLINT, Sec.

DAWN OF DAY SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, 132, ST. JOHN'S-HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—We closed with two satisfactory séances on Thursday, September 5th. Mr. Peters kindly assisted Mrs. Ashton Bingham, the president. Due notice will be given of the re-opening.—A. B.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 111, CLARENDON-ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Wallace's inspirers delivered an instructive discourse on the 'Grand Religion of Life'; Mr. Rolfe in the chair. Mr. Harris kindly presided at the organ. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Hubert; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason; September 22nd, Miss Maynard.—J.H.B., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—Several speakers will occupy our platform next Sunday. Mr. Brenchley delivered a short address, followed by Mrs. Brenchley, who gave eighteen clairvoyant descriptions, of which fourteen were recognised. The hall was packed. A tea and social entertainment will take place on October 10th; tickets for tea and entertainment, 1s. each, can be had of Mrs. Lambert, 10, Keogh-road, Stratford, E.—THOS. W. MACCALLUM, Hon. Sec.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY—FINSBURY PARK OPEN AIR WORK.—On Sunday last an interested audience listened to addresses from Messrs. Jones and Brooks. These gentlemen were helped on this occasion by Mr. Hennings, of Merthyr, who narrated some of his experiences and answered questions on the phenomena (himself an excellent psychometrist and clairvoyant). We thank him for his kindly services. On Sunday next, from 11 a.m. till 1 p.m. Literature for distribution will be thankfully received by Mr. A. M. Rodger, 107, Caledonian-road, N.—A.M.R.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last a thoughtful and inspiring address was delivered by Mr. J. Veitch on 'Spiritualism; Its Position,' and we are once more left deeply indebted to this gentleman, who has so valiantly and with such marked ability upheld the cause of Spiritualism in the metropolis for many years past. A necessary regard to detail which was never wearisome, together with apt illustrations and personal reminiscences, served to form an address which cannot have failed to leave a lasting impression upon the minds of those present. We wish to again record our warmest thanks to Mr. Veitch. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Barlow, from Rochdale, will give clairvoyant descriptions. Inquirers specially invited.—L.H.

ST. JOHN'S HALL, CARDIFF.—On Sunday last Mr. William Billingsley read an able paper upon 'The True God.' He made an interesting review of the many and varied forms in which the God-idea has been embodied by the nations of antiquity, the God of each being a reflex of the mental and moral status of the people. Coming to later times, he compared the Mahomedan and Christian conceptions of God, affirming that the former is the nearer to the highest and most rational conception which has yet dawned upon humanity, viz., that which Spiritualism reveals as a result of close and earnest study, not only of those luminous phenomena with which it is specially identified, but of the whole realm of life and being in the visible universe. A

resolution adopting the petition to Parliament for repealing the fourth section of the Vagrant Act was carried unanimously and with applause, and the petition will be duly forwarded to J. M. Maclean, Esq., M.P. for the district. On Sunday next, at 2.30 and 6.30 p.m., Lyceum Anniversary Services will be held, when special hymns, solos, anthems, recitations, &c., will be rendered by the scholars and friends. Addresses by Mr. H. G. Allen.—E.A.

SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—'Spiritual Gifts and their Development' was the subject dealt with last Sunday evening. Mr. Beal commenced by reading St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, xii. 4-11, and a text more *apropos* to the subject it would be impossible to find. Mr. Long, the leader, alluded to the accidental fact that on this night, when he proposed dealing with mediumistic gifts, he had to ask them to sign a petition to Parliament for the repeal of the obnoxious Act of George III., which renders mediums who choose to exercise those gifts (which they are commanded by St. Paul to use) liable to fine or imprisonment as rogues and vagabonds. This petition, he might add, was open for signature by all the Spiritualist bodies at their meetings. Very valuable information was given in Mr. Long's address, which, however, it would be impossible to embody within the limits of an ordinary report. The monthly general meeting was held at the close of the service, when several measures for the welfare of the mission were adopted. The attention of would-be Spiritualists is drawn to the fact that this mission holds circles on every evening except Thursdays and Fridays, thus giving an opportunity for every member or associate to learn what is his or her special gift, and the means whereby it may be cultivated. On Thursday evenings an educational class is conducted, when some paper, bearing little or more relevancy to the subject of Spiritualism, is read and debated, sometimes taking up three consecutive Thursday evenings before it is exhausted. This, it will be seen, acts with three-fold instructive force, viz., grounding them in the fundamental principles of the great Truth; teaching the method of conducting circles and public meetings; and imparting the art of public speaking. This is a noteworthy feature of our Spiritualist work not generally followed by societies, but which meets with considerable encouragement and success here, the rooms being often crowded.—W.P.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—Africa, Mr. B. Stead, care of Hazell, Ballan and Co., Kimberley; America, Mrs. M. R. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. H. Junor Browne, "The Grand Hotel," Melbourne; Belgium, Mons. F. Paulsen, Spiritualistic Federation of Liège, Angleur-lez-Liège; Brazil, Sr. Don. A. C. Munhoz, Director de "A Luz," Curityba; Canada, Captain G. W. Walrond, 198, Lockestreet, Hamilton, Ontario; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabanais, Paris; Germany, E. Schlochauer, 1, Monbijou-place, Berlin, N.; Holland, Den Herr Van Straaten, te Apeldoorn Middellaan, 682; India, Mr. T. Hatton, State Cotton Mills, Baroda; Italy, Signor M. Falcomer, President "Armonia Spiritista," Termano; Mexico, Dr. L. E. Calleja, Director de "Lux ex Tenebris," Puerto de Vera Cruz; New Zealand, Mr. J. H. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Norway, Herr Torestenson, "Advocate," Christiania; Russia, Mons. Etienne Geispitz, Grande Belozerski, No. 7, Lod. 6, St. Petersburg; Spain, Sr. Don E. E. Garcia, Hita, 6, Bajo izqda, Madrid; Sweden, Herr M. Fidler, Gothenburg; Switzerland, M. L. Gardy, Geneva; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 115, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or Mr. W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne (French correspondent). The following meetings will be held at 115, White Post-lane, Manor Park: Thursday, at 8 p.m., for members only, the study of mediumship. Also the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., inquirers and members. The Sunday morning and Monday meetings will re-open on October 6th. All meetings free.—J. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications from 'Edina,' 'Bidston,' J. E. J., and others are necessarily held over till next week.

H. B.—Too late for the present issue.

J. L.—Letter received and forwarded.

'BEACON LIGHT.'—We shall be happy to insert your letter, but before doing so should have your name and address. Please forward them.

'Spiritualism and Christianity.'—More letters have reached us on this question. But we think our readers must have had enough of it. We have explained our own position at some length, and there it is best that the matter should end—at least for the present.

ISZE-KUNG asked, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?' Confucius (500 B.C.) replied, 'Is not reciprocity such a word?'